The New York Times

MAGAZINE SECTION

Section 7

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1919.

(Copyright, 1919, by The New York Times Company.)

SIXTEEN PAGES

HER PRESSURE ON CONGRESS

Suffrage Lobbyist's Card Index Keeps Tab on Members' Home Influences, Financial Backers, and Even Golf Partners

Many rumors have been afloat in Washington about the methods used by the suffrage lobby in bringing pressure to bear on members of Congress in an effort to put through the Federal amendment extending the franchise to women. This account of an elaborate card index throws light on the system, which, the suffragists say, includes no improper tactics.

NEITHER members of Congress who have swung from the anti-suffrage to the pro-suffrage column nor those who remain in the list of the antis are aware that at the headquarters of the National Woman's Party at Washington is a card index system so extensive in detail, political and personal, that twenty-two different cards are required for each Senator and Representative.

The use to which this card index has been put, in bringing "pressure" to bear on members of Congress to vote for the suffrage amendment, will be a revelation to them, as it will to people generally. Housed in a room not much larger than a good-sized pantry, it is the centre from which are launched the attacks to change votes opposed to woman suffrage. To the index, and the machinery it sets to work, chief credit is given for the gains in votes in favor of the amendment, and further operations are expected to produce victory for the amendment in the next Congress.

Suppose a Congressman says to a lobbyist under this system: "I don't think my district is much interested in woman suffrage. I get very few letters in favor of it from my constituents." Then through the card index an effort is at once made to start a flood of letters pro-suffrage from the member's district, so far as possible from persons known to him.

Suppose the Congressman has what is known as a "financial backer." The system seeks to find out who he is, to convert him to woman suffrage, and to induce him to bring his influence to bear on the member in question. In a word, whoever and whatever has the most influence on the Congressman the elaborate card index is designed to discover and to set to work to change the member over.

This centres interest, in the beginning, on what the cards of the index are about. They are as follows:

No. 1—Contains the member's name and his biography as contained in the Congressional Directory.

No. 2—A key card, has these headings: Ancestry, Nativity, Education, Religion, Offices Held, General Information.

No. 3—A sub-card under the foregoing, as are those yet to be given, contains these headings: Birth, Date, Place, Number of Children, Additional Information.

Nos. 4, 5, and 6—Are, respectively for Father, Mother, Brothers. They have headings to elicit full information on these subjects, as Nativity, Education, Occupation.

No. 7—Education: Preparatory School and College.

No. 8—Religion: Name of Church, Date of Entrance, Position Held in Church, Church Work.

No. 9—Military Service: Dates, Offices, Battles, Additional Information.

No. 10—Occupation: Past, Present.

No. 11—Labor Record.

Nos. 12 and 13—Are set aside for Literary Work and Lecture Work.

No. 14—Newspapers: Meaning what newspapers the member reads and those that have the most influence over him.

Nos. 15 and 16—Are respectively for Recreations and Hobbies.

Nos. 17 and 18—Are devoted to Health and Habits.

No. 19—Political Life Prior to Congress: Offices Held, Whether Supported Prohibition Amendment, Offices Run For.

No. 20—Political life in Congress: Terms, Date, Party, Bills Introduced, Bills Supported, Committees.

No. 21—Suffrage Record: Outside of Congress, In Congress.

No. 22—Votes Cast in Election of Member.

International Film Service.

Miss Maud Younger, Chairman of the Labor Committee and Keeper of the Suffrage Card Index Through Which Pressure Is Brought to Bear on Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Whatever lodges and clubs the member may belong to are entered on the cards; every fact that has any bearing on his personality, opinions, and mental make-up is minutely detailed. No detail—in the words of an authoritative statement—is overlooked that might give a lobbyist an insight into how best to approach the Congressman in question.

Miss Maud Younger is Chairman of the Lobby Committee of the National Woman's Party and directs the use of the card index. She is frankly enthusiastic over the methods employed and their results. When asked about the card index system in Washington the other day, she took the inquirer to the room where the records are kept, and drew from one of the cases a set of cards that concerned a Senator who was not in office long, so that the entries were few. It was from these that the above list was taken.

"I do not think I ought to show a set that has been filled out with information," Miss Younger said, "as that is confidential."

"Some of your opponents assert that you have gathered information about members of Congress which they do not wish to have known and that this has been employed, in some cases, in the attempt to change them in favor of the amendement," said the inquirer.

"There is not a word of truth in that," answered Miss Younger. "Such information has been offered, but we have refused to accept it. We have never for one moment considered employing such methods."

"How do you use the system?"

Miss Younger searched through several sets of the cards. "This will show," she said. "It is a lobby slip. After a Congressman, as a new member, is entered on a set of the cards in the index, a new addition is made to the set every time one of our lobbyists or a suffragist delegation visits him. The lobbyist, when she starts out, receives a lobby slip which has a list of entries to bring out fully all the information she obtains. Here, on this slip, under the heading, 'Exact Statement and Remarks,' are these words made by the Congressman to our lobbyist, 'Put me down on the mourner's bench. I am thinking about it.'

"Then," said Miss Younger, with heightened animation, "we would get

(Continued on Page 14)

An American Woman at the Front

Impressions of a Red Cross Worker Who Found War Very Different From What She Had Imagined

The author of this article was one of the first American women who went with the vanguards of the victorious Allies into German territory after the armistice was signed.

By MARION B. COTHREN.

SUPPOSE you lived at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street and the greatest war in the history of the world was being fought in Van Cortlandt Park! How would you feel? What would you think?

Just those twelve [illegible] two hundred [illegible] city blocks—back from the German lines in the Toul sector, I lived and worked for the Red Cross during all those weeks of the smashing American offensive. Day after day I made the rounds of the seven American hospitals scattered over five miles of French rolling country. Occasionally, instead of visiting the sick, I went with newspapers and cigarettes "up the line" to the boys who were holding and pushing back the enemy army.

Late each night I plodded through the sticky mud back to my army billet in the Villa Paulette outside of Toul. It was a very luxurious billet assigned to me by the Colonel himself when I arrived, the first woman worker in his hospitals. My two rooms were really quite famous—one for its high lace canopied bed and the other for its green porcelain stove, a joy to look upon but a distinct disappointment as a giver of heat.

All this time there was the rumble of artillery in the distance, fighting in the air above me, khaki-clad troops everywhere around me, the suffering of dying men before my eyes. It was war. I had seen war in the movies. I had read numberless books on war. Yet when I was in the presence of war it seemed to affect the lives of those around me so little. It was so much more a series of small, almost unrelated, happenings than the immense mass movement I had pictured.

Toul went about its workaday tasks just as if the American Army were not making history in its suburbs. To be sure the church bells never rang to tell the Germen airmen "Now you are flying over Toul!" It was also true that Mlle. Marguerite always dropped the dish she was passing when the "alerte" sounded the air raid warning. But after all the little French boys and girls went to school each morning dressed in their quaint black smocks. The "Reunie," or the one department store, did a thriving business now that it had the patronage of our "First Army." The town-crier still announced in this walled mediaeval city the happenings of the day, and, all the time, between us and the spiked helmeted thousands there was nothing but a few miles of infantry and artillery. "In fact," so the American Colonel confided to me, "some days there was just artillery, but the boches didn't suspect it."

With the night came absolute blackness and under its spell a terror of the unknown crept over me. Not a light on the street or on an automobile! Not a ray from a window! Nothing but the dimmed lanterns of the M. P.'s as they "passed" me through the gates of the city. Only long-nosed guns rumbling steadily past my door hour after hour, their outlines barely discernible. I felt I could [illegible] what the night might bring forth if only the world wasn't shrouded in inkiness. Yet starry, moonlight nights and lighted towns meant air raids with that deafening barrage. At all events, there was something reassuring to hear through the walls of my room Mme. Bertram, my landlady, monotonously reading to her husband President Wilson's last speech in L'Est Republicain. There was a certain calmness gained from looking out of my window at the deep blue sky above. It at least had not changed.

Next morning it all seemed so foolish. There down the [illegible] came the old bare-headed lattière driving her ancient horse and peddling milk just as she had done each morning for a score of years.

Three million Americans in France! It meant line after line with flags flying, music playing, swinging along the white French roads toward Germany. They might be more grimy perhaps and more heavily laden than when I saw them manoeuvring at Camp [illegible]. But that was the [illegible] I had carried [illegible] with me.

I know now that movements of troops must be concealed and that large bodies of marching men bring information to the enemy. Yet it was hard to blot out my original picture, even though day after day the swinging lines dwindled into groups of a few hundred steel helmeted men, trudging along two by two. They carried huge fifty-pound packs on their backs—that is, the doughboys did. And, worn out by long marches, some would fall out of line and stretch themselves on the grass much more like tired schoolboys than fierce soldiers.

Of course there was no music. They couldn't even keep step by singing "Over There"; the only songs that I heard were the songs of our negro troops as they tore down the ruins of Fliry and built new roads behind the retreating army. But they always coughed—this American army of ours. I have lain in bed and heard not a sound, not even the tramp of feet, yet knew they were passing by their continuous coughing.

"The religion of war expressed by the ordinary soldier consisted of killing the other fellow before he killed you."

"My whole desire was to say something friendly to each man as he passed."

Ever since I was a small child the sight of marching men and women has made me feel absurdly tearful. I didn't lose that feeling when I donned my Red Cross uniform, but it was submerged in the desire to say something friendly to each man as he passed. Perhaps that big fellow or that round-faced youngster lived near me home. Perhaps I knew his sister or his mother. What I actually did was just to sing out occasionally "Going to the front?" or "Going to rest?" always careful to guess right so that the answer might come back "You bet!"

I often wondered how I myself would feel when actually under fire. But, again, when that time came it was not the feeling I had imagined.

In the Paris air raids, Alice in Wonderland lived again for me and I shall always rejoice that during the last raid I happened to be in Paris. I shall always rejoice, too, that I leaned out of my hotel window instead of descending to the "cave." I shall never forget the hushed crowds stealing underground; the deathlike stillness, save for the tinkling of the bells around the little dogs' necks, as they, too, trotted down with their masters. Then came the deafening continued barrage right over my head. Finally the lovely, welcome notes of the "all clear" bugle. Paris rose again from the dead. Laughing, chattering crowds poured out into the streets and back into their homes. Surely this was not war! I had been to one of Barrie's plays.

Very differently did I feel under shell-fire at the front. There was nothing fantastic there. It was real and ugly.

I had motored up in a truck toward Thiraucourt to bring down to the boys in one of the hospitals a piano left behind in a dugout by the fleeing Germans. Great shell holes, each like the foundation dug for a house, tore up the roads. Bouillonville, Essay, Euvezin, once little French farming villages, were now but fast disappearing heaps of stone, useful only for road making. In every niche and corner of the woods and towns, American troops were quartered. Suddenly the great German guns began booming, getting the range with the help of their planes. Over the hills came the big shells tearing, whistling, screeching. I felt thrilled without experiencing an iota of fear. They fell at regular intervals a few hundred yards from me,

(Continued on Page 14)

HORRORS OF BOLSHEVISM

One Gets Accustomed to Hunger There, Says Man Who Has Just Escaped to America---Russians Divided Into Four "Categories" by Their Despotic Rulers

DR. ALESSANDRO H. CARASSO is an American citizen who, for eight and a half years has lived in Russia, writing and translating, and who, on Nov. 19 last, bought his way out of a Bolshevist prison in Petrograd, and, robbed of practically everything he possessed, managed to get back to this country. He can find, he declares, not a shred of hope that Russia can right itself. He calls it a madhouse.

"The Bolsheviki have an army that now numbers about 1,000,000 men," said Dr. Carasso, "and this army is growing, not day by day merely, but hour by hour. It is getting all the strong young men now. The Bolshevist Government refuses food cards to the families of able-bodied men unless these men are in its army."

Dr. Carasso was employed by the American Embassy as translator and interpreter. He is a friend of Dr. George A. Simons, Superintendent of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in Petrograd, a recent witness before the Senate committee that is investigating Bolshevism. Much of his time, however, he spent on his estate in the Government of Kaluga; his wife is the daughter of a Russian General and nobleman.

His library was sacked, the contents of his picture gallery confiscated, many of his possessions taken from him long ago, but when he left home last Summer on what he thought was a brief business visit to Moscow and Petrograd his home itself had not been seized and the local Soviet had been generally friendly. He has since heard that his estate is being used as a Bolshevist headquarters; he does not know whether that is true or not. Where his wife and four-year-old son are he has not the slightest idea.

© Underwood & Underwood.

What the Bolshevist Artillery Fire Did to the Czar's Suite in the Kremlin at Moscow.

Dr. Carasso earned the friendliness of the Bolsheviki by doing translating for them. When he was first asked to turn an English paper into Russian for the new rulers of the country he refused, but by the time the request came again he had thought better of his decision. So he translated a single tax pamphlet by Joseph Fels into Russian, and from then on was well treated by the representatives of the Government.

In July he wished to take a trip to Moscow and then to Petrograd. Permission was given. When, after some weeks in Moscow, he was ready to set out for Petrograd, he was allowed to travel on the "Delegates' Train," which really reaches its destination in reasonable time.

Dr. Carasso arrived in Petrograd on a morning in September; that night he was arrested as "an American spy and officer" and thrown into jail. For six and a half weeks he was kept in prison, uncertain each morning whether or not he would be shot before night, and watching each day from his window the execution of men who, like himself, had been clapped into prison on no reasonable accusation, and who were being killed without even the pretense of a trial. It is a piquant commentary on Bolshevist methods and "ideals" that, after being in danger of execution for six and a half weeks, he was at last allowed to go free and sent out of the country on payment of 40,000 rubles. When he explained that he had no money left to pay his expenses beyond the frontier, his captors politely handed back 2,500 of his 40,000 rubles; but as he left the country he was relieved at the border of his fur-lined overcoat.

"Most of the Americans in Petrograd were put in prison," Dr. Carasso said, "and most of them bought their way out.

"In the month of July, 1918, thousands of people were shot in Moscow by the Extraordinary Commission—a sort of Bolshevist General Staff; most of them were Social Revolutionists, and they were shot because the girl who had tried to kill Lenine belonged to that party. The Bolsheviki used to throw people who were wounded into a cellar, and they had to get firemen to come and pump out the blood. After a while Sverdlov, Lenine's deputy, ordered that people should be shot in the head instead of the breast, because it was more 'effective.' In Petrograd there was so much blood about, in consequence of the great number of killings, that an order was issued that the executions should take place in Kronstadt. But when I was in Petrograd and Moscow the sound of shooting on the streets was as common as the sound of the street cars here.

"Most of the executions were of men. Women were not executed unless they were suspected of anti-Bolshevist activities. Women have their own terrible tribulations to bear in Russia, however.

"At the time that I left the Bolshevist persecution and oppression was chiefly directed against the middle class. The aristocracy and high nobility had almost all been killed or starved or had succeeded in getting out of the country. People are literally starving to death.

"The population of Russia is divided by the Bolsheviki into four 'categories.' The 'first category' is made up of those who are doing hard work for the Government. Soldiers are included in this class, workers in Government factories, and others doing hard manual work. The Bolshevist Government tries to take good care of its army, and in great measure succeeds. Members of the 'first category' are allowed half a pound of bread a day, and they can buy this in the Soviet shops at 1 ruble 32 copecks a pound.

"The second category consists of clerical workers and the like, whether in the employ of the Government or of private persons. Each member of this class is allowed a quarter of a pound of bread a day, at the same price. But when it comes to buying it, they must stand in line and wait a long time.

"These two categories are also permitted to get meals at the city kitchens for three rubles 50 copecks. A typical meal consisted of so-called soup, some fish, some dirty potatoes, and a little cabbage or some other vegetable. Perhaps once in two months a tiny bit of meat would be served.

"The third class is made up of such people as the widows of officers and members of the nobility who are living on pensions or private incomes. The widow of a General, for example, gets a pension of 100 rubles a month, but that is only worth about $2 in actual purchasing power in Russia now. These people are allowed, sometimes as often as once a week, but rarely with such frequency, either one-eighth or one-sixteenth of a pound of bread, a pound or half a pound of potatoes, and two herrings. They are not allowed to buy meals in the city kitchens.

"The fourth category consists of the proprietors of little shops and factories. Their weekly food allowance is two herrings—no bread at all. Their tools have been taken from them, they have no materials to work with, but, if they have employed people, they must go on paying their wages. The last two classes have no rights whatever; they cannot even ride in the street cars.

"All the food that people get in addition to their allowance must be purchased illegally at exorbitant prices. When I left bread cost from 14 to 20 rubles a pound; two weeks later, when I was in Sweden, I heard that it cost 25 to 40 rubles. Sugar when I left cost 40 to 60 rubles a pound.

"As a matter of fact, one becomes accustomed to hunger; I found that I could get along surprisingly well on a quarter of a pound of bread for two days. Clothing is equally expensive: I paid 600 rubles for the shoes I have on.

"I have seen women of gentle birth and breeding in the public markets, selling the very clothes from their backs to get money for food. And they are subject to indescribable indignities. 'Another thing that women are made to do is objectionable work about the cities. One of the rules that the Bolsheviki have made forbids card-playing. In enforcing that rule the Red Guards will break into a house or apartment at any hour, even 2 or 3 in the morning, and if they find people—especially people of the formerly rich class—playing cards, they put them under arrest. The women who are thus arrested are set to doing what they call 'city work.' That is the worst and filthiest kind of work that can be imagined—cleaning out the sewers and cleaning out the Red Guards' barracks—and being subject to insult from the Red Guards meanwhile.

"Under Bolshevist law, only a physician is entitled to as much as one large room to himself. Private apartments and households of ordinary spaciousness and comfort are called 'luxurious,' and the residents must allow more people to be quartered upon them. Two persons would not be allowed to have a four-room apartment in a Russian city under the Bolsheviki, but must open their doors to strangers—as like as not the Red Guards. The privacy of women is not respected, and men and women are quartered together.

"Things are going very badly with professional people in Russia. The plight of the public school teachers is very sad, and the situation in regard to the schools is very curious. I know a great deal about this at first hand, because three of my wife's sisters are teachers, and I have friends who are teachers—some of the teachers who were killed on the day when the Constituent Assembly was called were women whom I knew. You know," Dr. Carasso added, parenthetically, "on that morning some teachers went out on the Petrograd streets with banners applauding the Constituent Assembly and they were shot at from the roofs and forty were killed.

"The schools are suffering because they have no paper, no ink, none of the materials needed—most of all, no books. The lack of books is not altogether because of scarcity. When the Bolsheviki started to change everything, they decided that they would change the Russian alphabet and grammar and make them easier. So they first took away

three of the thirty-five characters in the alphabet. Two of those were useless enough, but the elimination of the third causes a good deal of confusion. Then they made 'simplifications' in the grammar and spelling, and they made a rule that no one should buy or sell books written according to the old ways. But they couldn't get books printed the new way—all the teachers had was a sheet of paper with the new Bolshevist grammar and spelling rules—so everything was at a standstill.

"They decreed that all teachers should have a two months' course in learning the new rules, but then the teachers said, What about the children? Shall we require them to use the new methods when we haven't even any books? Then it was decided that for the first year the children might use the old grammar and spelling while they were trying to learn the new, so now things are every which way, as you can imagine. Otherwise I think the schools would probably be better than they were under the Czar—the public schools were very poor then.

"The real plight of the teachers, however, is not concerned with books, but with food. A public school teacher gets a salary of 500 rubles a month, and belongs to the second category in the population. She works from 9 in the morning until from 3 to 5 in the afternoon, and she can't live on a quarter of a pound of bread, and, perhaps, a few potatoes. If a teacher is to be sufficiently fed to go on with her work she must have more food, and it will cost her on an average about 55 rubles a day. Many of these young women, too, are trying to support their mothers or other relatives. I know one very lovely young teacher, a member of the family to which Lermontov, the poet, belonged, who is trying to keep herself, her old mother, and a sick sister alive on 500 rubles a month. In the school where she is there were 110 teachers last year; now there are 60. And I think most of those who are gone literally starved to death.

"A touch of irony in the teachers' situation lies in the fact that the Bolsheviki do try to keep the school children well fed, and that the teachers who are often literally starving themselves must dole out the food to the children each day!

"There are no lawyers practicing now in Russia. Most of the universities are closed. There are no building operations or engineering works being carried out. There are no real newspapers, the only things issued being Bolshevist sheets that show plainly that they are written by ignorant people. Physicians get along pretty well, however; they are all under Bolshevist supervision, and not only work in the hospitals, but are allowed a little time for private practice. For some reason that I have not discovered university professors—though, as I said, the universities are closed—are put in the first category! Probably the Bolsheviki feel that they need their help!

"Most of the intelligent Russians—the intelligent class—have by now, however, either got out of the country or been killed or starved. A few have joined the Bolsheviki, and there is no denying that some of the leaders in the Soviets are clever and well educated. I think the Bolsheviki are quite clever enough to hold on to their power, and go on ruling in their own way, which is the way of force and oppression.

"It is anti-democratic, anti-socialistic, and it is not even the rule of a class. It is the tyranny of a group—a large group, to be sure.

"One doesn't know what rule or law is to be made next. One may wake up one morning and read in the paper that all luxuries are to be nationalized, that one can no longer own books, pictures, rugs, beautiful things.

"My collection of pictures, and my books, were all taken from me, to be 'nationalized'—and when I was in Sweden a few weeks ago I found one of my pictures in a Stockholm antiquary's shop!"

Dr. Carasso referred to the fact that the peasants had been easily won to the Bolshevist cause at first by promises of land.

"After the land was seized, the peasants found that it was not to be given to them, but sold at a high price!" he said. "The peasants hate the Bolsheviki now, for their betrayal, but they are so ignorant and emotional that they are unable, on the one hand, to rise against the Bolsheviki, and, on the other hand, they can be played upon by clever working on their fears and prejudices.

Dr. Carasso, (Standing,) the Rev. Dr. George . Simons, and Miss Ottilie Simons in the Grounds of the M. E. Church in Petrograd. Dr. Simons's Recent Testimony Before the Senate Investigating Committee at Washington Was a Severe Arraignment of Bolshevist Excesses.

"I have been at peasant meetings, in the early days of the revolution, when people could speak freely, and heard the peasants applaud the Kerensky Government when its advantages were urged, and then with the same fervor applaud the claims of the Bolsheviki as expressed by the next speaker.

"Now," continued Dr. Carasso, as if the mention of liberal days had pointed anew the contrast of the present régime, "one can't express an opinion walking along the street unfavorable to the Bolsheviki without being put in jail. Never in the years under the Czar were there so many spies and guards about. In the towns it is frightful. In the villages there is not so much spying—I suppose the Bolsheviki feel that the village people are not so dangerous.

"In the Province of Kaluga, where my estate was, the peasants, indignant at the Soviet's exploitation, organized an armed force under the leadership of an old Abbot, whose monastery was made the rendezvous of defense. The local Soviet learned of this 'uprising' and sent a band of several hundred Bolsheviki to overwhelm the monastery, but the attempt was not successful. So they dispatched a hurry call to Moscow, a hundred miles away, and from the higher Soviet there got an entire regiment of Lettish mercenaries, four armored cars, and supply trains. They attacked the monastery at midnight, and by noon the monastery, village, and all surrounding buildings were in ashes. Upon the few remaining door posts the monks were hung. Even the produce of the peasants, that was the original cause of dispute, was destroyed.

"One of the first victims was the kindly, liberal sage, Bishop Theophan of the Kaluga Province. He was of noble birth, but so radical in his convictions that he was presona non grata to the Government of the Czar. Indeed, he had once been ordered to court on a charge of having defended a deacon who, when intoxicated, had called the Czar a dunce. Bishop Theophan's radical writings are renowned beyond the borders of Russia, but he, too, has been a victim of Lenine-Trotzky oppression. In the middle of the night Bolshevist agents broke into his home, searched his apartments, and dragged him before the Soviet. His belongings were confiscated, his cow sequestered, not the smallest article of food was left to the old man.

"Before I left Russia I heard that he had been mysteriously murdered. He is only one of Russia's host of clerical martyrs."

Dr. Carasso agrees entirely with Mme. Breshkovskaya that a Constituent Assembly would save Russia, but adds that a Constituent Assembly under present conditions is impossible.

"Any such attempt now would meet with failure like the first," he said. "There can be no democracy in Russia, no salvation for the country, until the Bolsheviki are conquered. The only thing to do is to fight them. Then, when the country is quiet again, the industries can be restored and a just Government built up. All Russia—the middle class, the merchants, the Jews, the oppressed people everywhere—is calling to America for help."

The Proud Artistic Past of the Czechoslovaks

Great Achievements in Music, Painting, and Other Forms of Art Augur Well for the Future of the New Republic Headed by Prof. Masaryk

IT has been rightly said that a love for music and a certain skill in its practice are the birthright of every Bohemian. The great Shafarzik used to say: "Where there is a Slav woman, there is a song."

The oldest known example of organized Bohemian music was a Singing Society in Prague, founded in 1195. But even at an earlier date the litanies of Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, (d. 997,) were sung by the Bohemian soldiers in camp and battle as part of their people's musical inheritance.

To the sixteenth century belong Jan Trojan Turnowsky, a great choral composer, and Christopher Harant, who shows the influence of Palestrina. Their contemporary, Jan Blahoslav, is the author of the first book on musical theory published in Bohemian.

For the last 200 years or so almost every musical generation in Europe has counted among its stars a Bohemian—either with a genuine Slavic spelling or a German or Germanized name. Bohemia certainly has the right to be proud of the fact that one of Gluck's teachers, the Prague monk and hymn writer, Bohuslav Tchernohorsky, was of Czech blood, and that the influence of the famous pianist, Johann L. Dussek, (1761-1812,) was equal to that of Clementi, while in invention and ideality he surpassed the great Italian composer.

Frantishek Shkroup, (1801-1862,) the composer of the first original Bohemian opera, in his "Where is My Fatherland?" anticipated the glory and joy that came to Czechoslovakia in December, 1918. The Czech national movement found, however, its first real centre in the National Theatre, which was opened in Prague in 1862, and Bedzhich Smetana (1824-1884) set the ball rolling by writing his famous opera "Branibori v Czechach" ("The Brandenburgs in Prague"). Smetana, the founder of the Bohemian School of National Music, took not only the subjects of his principal compositions from the history of the Bohemian people, but also nationalized the department of orchestral music.

His "Bartered Bride," the simple story of true love in a country village, written in a more popular vein than the "Brandenburgs," took the hearts of Bohemian and German audiences by storm. It was introduced to the American public at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, April 29, 1909, under the leadership of Gustav Mahler, a native of Bohemia, though not a Czech.

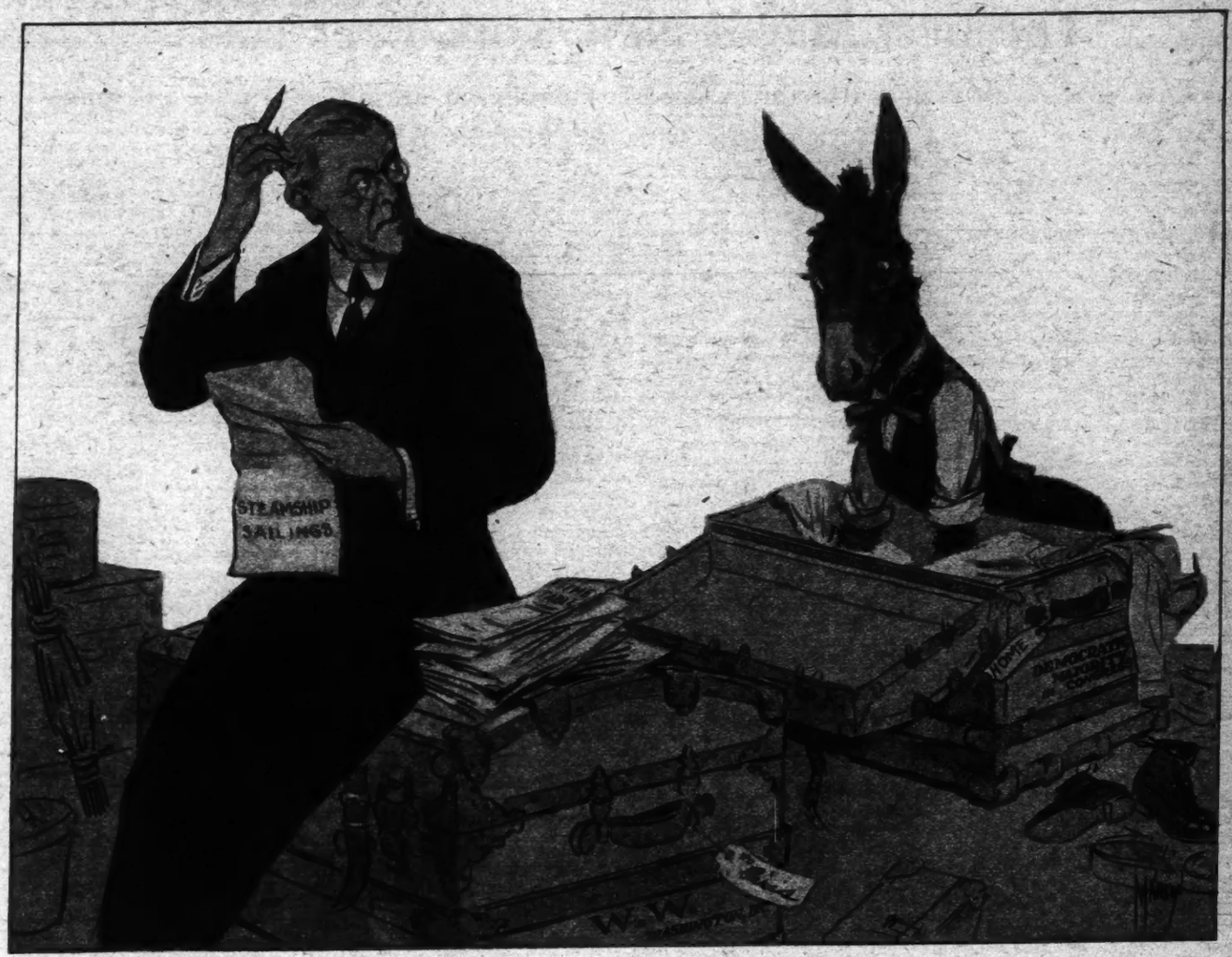
Smetana, like Beethoven, with whom his admirers often compare him, became deaf in his later years, and the last decade of his life was clouded by suffering worse than that which the composer of the Ninth Symphony had to endure.

A happier fate was in store for his great pupil, Antonin Dvorzhak, (1841-1904,) the son of a butcher, and originally intended to follow in his father's footsteps. As a boy of 16 he went to Prague, supporting himself by his violin. His "Husitska" overture created a sensation in London, and his "Spectre's Bride," based on a Czech version of Bürger's Lenore, has become one of the favorite ballads of his people. In souvenir of his sojourn in this country—he landed in New York in 1892—he wrote his New World Symphony, a work of great beauty. His most famous work was undoubtedly his "Stabat Mater," which was first performed by the London Musical Society in 1883.

But, great and deserved as the fame of Smetana, Dvorzhak, and the other illustrious Bohemian composers has been, the native musical talent of the Czechoslovak Nation found its most beautiful and truest expression in the incomparable Bohemian folksong, 3,000 examples of which were collected by K. J. Erben and Frantishek Susil alone. The tunes to which these love-songs and ballads are sung reach the astounding figure of nearly 5,000. The oldest Bohemian songs were built out of the 1. 2. 3. and 5. tones of the diatonic major scale; the minor mode came into the country with the Roman Catholic religion. Luther made use of Hussite tunes, adapting them to Teutonic needs.

In 1730 the Bohemian nobility made it possible to establish an Italian Opera in Prague, which continued its checkered career until 1807. In 1786 Mozart went there to attend the performance of his "Figaro." The master's "Don Giovanni" (1787) was written for a Prague musical company, and it was mainly in Bohemia that the great musical genius of Salzburg was duly appreciated. "The Bohemians understand me," he used to say.

A landmark in the history of Bohemian music was the foundation, by a group of nobles, of the Prague Conservatory of Music, (1808,) which occupies a place beside the great musical universities of Brussels, Paris, Milan and Vienna, and which was the first Academy of Music in Austria. Among the musical assets of the new Czechoslovakia must, further, be counted the



"I wish I were coming back to Washington too, Woodrow!"

Bohemian opera houses in Pilsen and Brünn, capital of Moravia.

At last the Czech national hymn, "Kde domov muj?" ("Where is my home?") written by Tyl, and set to a bewitching melody by Skkroup, spiritually related to our own "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," can freely resound in the mountains and valleys of the resurrected Bohemian fatherland.

Bohemian art, in the Middle Ages, had its centres in the Bohemian School of Painting of the eleventh century, and in the Prague Brotherhood of Painters during the reign of Charles IV., (1346-1378,) and, later on, found its modern expression in the National Society of Patriotic Friends of Arts, established in 1796, and the Union of Decorative Artists, which was founded in the Bohemian capital in 1848.

An interesting story is that of Bishop Cosmas of Prague, who punished the abbot of the famous monastery of Sázawa, the master wood carver Bozhetyech, by ordering him to make a life-size crucifix and to carry it on his shoulders to Rome for having, in 1091, crowned King Vratislav without the authorization of his ecclesiastical superior. This sticky mediaeval atmosphere gradually strangled even the vigorous artistic genius of Bohemia. Fortunately, under the native King George Podyebrad (1458-1471) and his successor, Vladislav Jagiello, (1471-1516,) a new period opened in the history of Bohemian fine arts; above all, in sculpture and architecture. After a new interruption of nearly a century, under Emperor Rudolf II., (1576-1612,) Prague again became a centre of art.

On March 28, 1677, there was laid to rest in St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, one of the foremost etchers of his time, Wenceslaus Hollar. He was born in Prague in 1607 and was one of the many artists who were driven from their country on account of their Protestant religion by the Austrian counter-Reformation during and following the Thirty Years' War. The favors bestowed upon him while he was teacher of the Stuart Princes by the English Royal Court did not cause him to forget his Czech origin: many of his masterpieces were signed "W. H. Bohemus."

May 12, 1820, Joseph Mánes, the founder of Bohemian painting, was born. He grew up in an atmosphere of art, both his father and uncle being painters by profession. Strangely enough, Mánes, who received an exclusively German education, became in Munich, among his German fellow-students, a conscious Czech patriot. In 1847 he returned to Prague, and in 1848 became a member of the Czech Revolutionary Society, "The Bohemian Lindentree." In 1854 he made a journey into the southwestern corner of Moravia to study the peasant life there.

Mánes is the first Bohemian painter of woman. The great artist died in the darkness of mental disease, Oct. 9, 1871.

His artistic heir, Mikolash Alesh, (1852-1913,) became the incomparable illustrator of Czech folksong. When, in 1874, the German professor of the history of art at the University of Prague, Dr. Alfred von Woltmann, in one of his lectures, made a slur on Czech art, he was bodily ejected from the classroom, and young Alesh, for his part in the performance, spent a few days in jail. In 1879 the painter attained the height of his career in his lunette cycle "Motherland" and four great wall pictures for the lobby of the Prague National Theatre. They constitute one of the most splendid expressions of Bohemian art of the nineteenth century. After a series of bitter struggles, and on the eve of a carefree old age, he died July 10, 1913.

Imbued with a similar strong national pride as Mánes and Alesh was the great historical painter, Václav Brozhik, (1851-1901,) whose chef d'oeuvre, "Master John Hus Condemned to Death by the Council of Constance," has become the property of the municipality of Prague. His "Defenestration of the Royal Councilors Martinic and Slavata from the Upper Story of the Hradschin Palace" was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair. The New York Metropolitan Museum owns the master's "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," while the New York Public Library is proud in the possession of his "Rudolf II. in the Laboratory of His Alchemist" and "The Grandmother's Name's Day." This summing up of Brozhik's position in the world of art was given by the famous French art critic, G. Earroumet: "As a historical painter, he equals the greatest by his breadth of conception, fine composition and dramatic effect."

We are led into quite a different atmosphere with Hans Schwaiger (b. 1854). His name conjures up fairy tales and ghost stories. His "Rubenahl," "Waterman of the Frog-Pond," "Sorceress" and the rest of his masterpieces were executed in his wooden hut built on a spur of the Carpathians. An intimate of poachers and vagrants, intimately acquainted with the secrets of the forest and Slovak folklore, a dabbler in magic and alchemy, he was quite naturally drawn to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," which became one of the principal sources of his artistic inspirations. He painted mostly in water colors, and in every one of his numerous productions, original to the tip of his brush, he displayed a gnarled rusticity. His principal picture, "The Anabaptists," presents to us a vivid group of a reckless period: masters and servants, soldiers and women, fanatics and fools.

While Schwaiger borrowed most of his subjects from outside of his native country, Joza Uprka (b. 1862) became the painter par excellence of Moravian peasant life, whose unquenchable color and movement he depicts on his canvases. His "Weddings" and "Rustic Feasts" have done much to arouse outside interest in the poetic, quaint life of the Czech farmer.

Filled with the same patriotic spirit was Jaroslav Spillar, who devoted himself exclusively to the portrayal of one of the most ancient races, the Chodes in Western Bohemia, who observe ancient customs and preserve a most magnificent national costume.

Another energetic and productive Czech painter is Max Svabinsky (b. 1873) of Prague, best known through his portraits.

A man of unusual talent is Emil Orlik, (b. 1870,) a painter in many styles, with a turn for realism. He lived for many years in Japan, where he succeeded in fathoming the secrets of that country's colored woodcuts. But, on his return home, the national spirit took hold of him and he gave us some splendid genre pictures of Bohemian and Moravian village life. He is also a great etcher and pastelist.

Not less important than the Czech contribution to the art of painting is the nation's share in the development of sculpture, which owes its largest debt to Joseph von Myslbek, (b. 1848,) a plastic artist, with an inbred historical feeling. His pupil, Stanislav Suchards, (1866-1916,) is best known through his great Palacky monument, his gigantic King Wenceslas statue, and his busts of children.

HISTORICUS.

"The Best Mayor New York Ever Had"

John F. Hylan's Ambition, Recently Voiced at Palm Beach, Furnishes Text for a Critic's Review of His Official Achievements

By LEONARD M. WALLSTEIN, Counsel for the Citizens Union.

THE distinguished Mayor of our city, sojourning at the people's playground at Palm Beach, as he emerged from the cooling surf with dripping union card, (or was he hugging his fashionable goat after a rollicking midnight dance?) proclaimed himself again the poor man's champion, and expressed, with modesty, his own ambition to be merely the best Mayor New York City ever had. Mitchel, Gaynor, McClellan, Low, Hewitt, and Grace have preceded him in the City Hall, but Hylan is to excel them all.

This promise to merit posterity's approval is encouraging, but so were many other of Mr. Hylan's promises. He promised to reduce the annual city budget, but instead he increased it ten million dollars. To offset, in part, the effect of this increase, so that the additional burden might not be noticed by the taxpayers of this year, he rushed through the Board of Estimate and Apportionment an issue of four and a half millions of the city's long-term bonds for the purpose of applying the proceeds to the current operating costs of the Government. This mortgaging of the future to make a lying tax rate the Supreme Court has just declared to be illegal.

Mayor Hylan promised, by due process of law, through a libel suit, to challenge proof of the charge that he had been an associate of a swindler, had extracted papers from the court and altered them and had as a lawyer represented clients for the purpose of extorting moneys from defendants, &c.; but he preferred to pay the usual court costs and extra costs of $2,000; in addition, to withdraw the suit.

He promised a better method for the final disposition of the city's refuse; but after a brief period of reduction of garbage in an inadequate stench-breeding plant he has resorted to the costly and barbaric method of sea dumping, preliminary to dotting the city with a host of incinerating plants.

He promised a solution of the great port problem of the city, but what has he done in that relation beyond disheartening and disgusting Murray Hulbert, his own Dock Commissioner, one of the few strong men whom he appointed to office?

The appointments made by an executive are a fair measure of himself. Several of Hylan's have been remarkable—for example, Hirshfield and Solovei. Most of them have been decidedly mediocre. Rarely, as in the case of Hulbert, have they merited public confidence.

At the head of the Police Department the Mayor first placed Frederick E. Bugher, and every good citizen in the city hoped that the new Commissioner, a highly capable man, would be given free reign by the Mayor. Not so. After twenty-three days of petty interference and dictation by the Mayor, Mr. Bugher threw up his job. The Mayor then named Police Lieutenant Richard E. Enright.

He knows the department from top to bottom, and everybody has wished him well, although there was some misgiving that a man taken from the ranks might not prove big enough to disregard the prejudices he had accumulated against others in the department. During the first six months of Enright's administration he claimed that economies were effected. Certainly important administrative changes were made. The branch detective bureaus were abolished and detectives were reassigned to precinct station houses. The Bomb Squad was ended. Finally, the Commissioner abolished the Vice Squad, of which Daniel Costigan was head. These and like changes, quickly put through, made the public wonder; but Enright ought to know his business, and so the town waited the test of experience under the changed methods. Results came fast. Crimes of violence have been increasingly numerous. The perpetrators have too often escaped. Despite official denials from Police Headquarters the community knows that an epidemic of crime has been raging.

© International Film Service.

Mayor Hylan, Mrs. Hylan, and Their Daughter, Virginia, at Palm Beach.

Next came the demotion of Costigan from Inspector to Captain. The Police Commissioner gave as the reason—which was rather an excuse—that Costigan's record of arrests was poor. The Commissioner quoted figures. But they were later shown to be glaringly inaccurate and unfair. The Commissioner hedged, hemmed and hawed, and finally almost openly retracted, but Costigan remains demoted, while the Mayor refuses to let the public know why.

While the Police Commissioner acted within his legal powers in reducing Costigan, he dealt a destructive blow to the morale of the Police Department, for in and out of the department Costigan has been known and admired for his pluck, industry, and honesty. Moreover, it has created more than a passing suspicion that the Police Commissioner should penalize an officer whose work had been highly praised by the District Attorney, whose services the United States had requested, (but did not get,) and whose record had made him hated and feared by the underworld.

Costigan does not stand alone. There is a long list of veteran employes and officials of the city who have been unjustly hounded by the administration—men and women unreasonably and spitefully turned out for no pretext other than that their experience had made them hated "experts." This whip of spite has been wielded in almost all of the city departments, but particularly in the Department of Public Charities, Municipal Civil Service, Health, Board of Estimate, and Central Purchase Committee.

In the Health Department Commissioner Copeland succeeded Dr. Amster, who had been first named as Commissioner but resigned after a few months by reason of the same petty and political interference by the Mayor which had compelled Mr. Bugher's resignation from the Police Commissionership. Commissioner Copeland is persuasively plausible and promised well. His appointment followed a raid upon the department and its system of organization, which had been ordered by the Mayor and which destroyed the morale of an unusually high type of professional and lay staff. Dr. Copeland appeared to appreciate the increased difficulty of his task, at best no easy one. His public statements augured well for an intelligent constructive administration of the department. His actions, though usually adroit and surrounded by oily explanations, have, however, served but to continue the processes of disintegration which he had promised to end.

Lucius Polk Brown, head of the department's Bureau of Food and Drugs, was subjected to trial upon charges which had to be dismissed, but he prefers to continue in the Federal service on indefinite leave of absence. The Bureau of Public Health Education has, as such, been abolished. Its director found it expedient to resign, and his work languishes in the Commissioner's office. The Bureau of Preventable Diseases has lately been denuded of one of its great functions, that of keeping watch over the health of factory toilers. This work had been done by the bureau's Division of Industrial Hygiene, under the experienced direction of Dr. Louis I. Harris. Now, Dr. Harris, who built up this special and valuable service, has been stripped of this duty except for a mere empty echo of it, and the public welfare, especially among those industrial workers whom the Mayor fondly claims as his own, must suffer.

While our Mayor sits on the beach at his favorite Winter resort and the surf creeps up to cool his feet, tired from a dawn dance at the Country Club, the toiler in the factory, whose health is not so well protected as formerly, must indeed heave tired sighs for the best Mayor whose heart is with the poor even while he sports with the rich.

One of the reasons for Mr. Bugher's resignation as Police Commissioner was his refusal to heed the Mayor's insistence that his friend Solovei, who, according to the District Attorney of Kings County, has often appeared as the lawyer for pickpockets, be appointed a Deputy Police Commissioner. One of the things that made Dr. Amster's tenure as Health Commissioner intolerable to him was the Mayor's insistence that Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, the Mayor's personal friend, neighbor, and family physician, be retained as Secretary of the Health Department. But friend Solovei has since been placed in charge of a branch of the Corporation Counsel's office in Brooklyn. Friend Monaghan has been promoted to be Deputy Commissioner of the Health Department by Commissioner Copeland, who announced at the time that the Mayor had had absolutely nothing to do with the advancement of Dr. Monaghan. The Mayor has been similarly indifferent, but effective, with reference to numerous others of his friends and relatives whose names likewise adorn the public pay rolls.

Another interesting appointment and an illuminating one was that of Dr. Patrick D. Riordan as Chief Medical Examiner at $7,500 per annum, who was named the day the Mayor was inaugurated. This was treated by Mr. Hylan as a patronage appointment in defiance of the law, which plainly required that the incumbent be selected only after a civil service examination held with a resulting eligible list. After a taxpayer's suit prevented the Controller from paying any salary to Dr. Riordan, who had as a Coroner been found unable to perform his duties on one occasion, Dr. Charles Norris was finally appointed from the civil service eligible list.

One would expect that the "people's Mayor" would at least be interested in maintaining the efficiency of the city's social welfare work. But what the raid on the Health Department and the crippling of the Division of Industrial Hygiene did not do toward destroying efficient social service has been accomplished in other departments. In the Department of Public Charities, not only in the 1919 budget, but in the actual operation of the Home Placing Bureau during 1918 under a budget enabling proper and sufficient placing of dependent children in private homes, the bureau was economized almost out of existence. And what little home placing was actually done was under conditions of meagre supervision by scant inspectional force. In the departments where inspection must be conducted on a considerable scale to guarantee safety, the Commissioners have been bound by an order sent to them by Mayor Hylan that there shall be "no snooping" by their inspectors. Hence, fire protection, building inspection, and other such activities have lagged. A glance at the 1919 budget, moreover, will show that the reduced appropriations are, with very few exceptions, in those departments whose work most closely touches the health, safety, or comfort of the great masses of our population.

Our redoubtable Mayor has often promised to reduce the war prices of coal and of milk. Now, from Palm Beach, he rails against the profiteering packers. He is eloquent in denouncing abuses beyond his reach, but the government and the business of this city struggle along as best they can while a patient public suffers hardships and humiliation. Successor of distinguished Mayors, is Hylan—the people's friend," the foe of "fakers"—the greatest of all?

Dogs of War as Detectives in Peace

Faithful Service as Sentinels and Messengers Assures More Extended Use by Police—Criminals Trailed Near New York

ALTHOUGH no Government has awarded a cross to any of the dogs which did such faithful duty during the war as sentinels, patrols, and messengers, their distinguished service has brought about an organized movement to make use of their intelligence and fidelity, and of their keener senses of hearing and seeing. It is certain that, at least, they will be more generally utilized in police work.

Since the use of police dogs began in New York City other municipalities have taken up the work, and for a time society women living in suburbs engaged trainers to teach their dogs to watch strangers, and in some cases to attack them. So far no woman has been attacked while walking or riding when accompanied by a police dog. Properly trained dogs walking or sitting beside their masters serve as protectors. But they can do more.

Two years ago Mira, a Belgian police dog, won for its mistress, Mrs. Leo F. Wanner of Meadow Brook Farm, Hempstead, L. I., a police badge as special officer. After a series of burglaries in Hempstead Mrs. Wanner was asked for the use of her dogs. They were put on the trail and stuck to it, and only lost it in the northwest section of Hempstead because the burglars at that point had mounted bicycles.

While New York City has caught no murderer with a police dog, one of the animals trained by Louis de Winter of Montclair did good work in a Ridgewood murder mystery. A girl had been struck on the head with a piece of iron pipe, and dragged across the road into the woods for about 200 feet. As soon as the body and pipe were discovered de Winter offered the use of his dog, Herta von Ehrengrund. After smelling the pipe the dog took up the trail, which led to a farmhouse. The farmer said a stranger had been there several nights before, but his description was not accurate. The dog went from the farmhouse to a building in course of construction. Then it rushed to a pile of pipe, and from one piece the officers found a length had been cut. The trail then led to a deserted shack. The dog went upstairs, and an old mattress was found with blood stains on it. The dog followed across country, and toward evening came upon a group of men talking at the roadside. The dog leaped upon one of them, and brought him to the ground. This man ultimately confessed that he and a negro had committed the crime.

The use of police dogs in the outlying sections of New York has done much to decrease burglary, and there are no more interested spectators of their work at the annual police exhibitions than thieves, burglars, and other crooks. With the advent of the police dog, burglars, in sections where they were used, began to use the automobile as a get-away vehicle.

Police dogs frequently find intoxicated men, and this is particularly valuable work in zero weather, when a man lying outdoors would freeze to death. They do patrol work with the policemen, and more than once they have discovered fires at night, calling attention by their barkings until the police have been attracted and the alarm sent in.

In the sections where they are used the annual police report shows a decrease of petty crimes, particularly in addition to thievery.

Up to the beginning of the great war the number of police dogs exhibited at the Dog Show in New York City increased by leaps and bounds, jumping in four years previous to the war from seven dogs to seventy-two.

In European capitals police dogs have special exhibits of their own. On the Continent the breeds include the Airedale terrier, Doberman pinscher, German shepherd dog, rottweiler, and the bloodhound. According to the Gersbach-Jager instructions, thirty lessons are needed to turn out a competent police dog. The first lesson taught is seeking and retrieving articles the trainer has buried; the second is to teach the dog to pick up articles lost or thrown away by strangers; the third is instructing the dog to make better use of its nose; the fourth is carrying a message back to a co-worker detailed in the same case; the fifth is to get the dog to carry a message back to the station, and so on until the dog is able to "trail" a criminal.

(International Film Service.)

Training a Police Dog to Climb.

The message a dog carries is by signs placed on the collar, von Mercy announcing a code of thirteen signals to call for one, two, three, or four men as reinforcements, to call for one trainer and one dog, for an ambulance, for a patrol wagon, for a fire engine and apparatus, and there were other signals to indicate "burglars at work, five men and dogs"; "am trailing suspects, trail me"; "murder, Coroner, detectives and dogs wanted"; "riot, all available forces"; "am shot, disabled."

In 1907 a New York police Lieutenant was sent to Belgium to buy dogs used there for police purposes. Including the cost of his voyage across the ocean, the purchase price of the dogs, the freight charges on them to this country, the Lieutenant's own hotel bills for nearly a month in Belgium, and other incidentals the bill was $364.80.

"Why," continued Metz, "there are officials in the employ of the Administration who would charge more than that for a trip to Washington."

The Lieutenant had paid $10 each for the five dogs he brought over. The customs officials would not believe him, however. They put a valuation of $1,000 on each dog, and wanted to collect 20 per cent. duty. Arrangements were made to bring in the dogs, and the City Controller agreed to let them see the bill when it was presented.

"When I got the bill," Controller Metz remarked at the time, "I sent word to the Custom House that, if they would send an Inspector up, I would let them copy the bill. The Inspector came, glanced at the bill, and went away with a disgusted look."

Little has appeared anywhere, for obvious reasons, about the work of dogs as sentinels, patrol aids, and in the carrying of dispatches—important work when speed means the saving of human lives and where it would be impossible for human beings to get through alive.

To get an idea of the work of the scout, sentinel, and liaison dog let them be properly introduced, as they were honored before French regiments, behind the front, when their deeds were told to the poilu in review formation:

Hector, No. 23 B, scout dog: At the farm of Bois-Brulee, where the enemy lay hidden, no patrol dared venture. A dog and a man started for it at night. Hector went twenty yards in front of the poilu. Approaching the farm he gave no sign of worry and continued. The place had been suddenly abandoned. French telegraphers hastily took charge. Two telephone calls at dawn and an important enemy redoubt was pulverized.

Titine, No. 17 B, dog sentinel: In the Vosges, a battalion had borrowed as sentinel one of our particularly intelligent dogs. In her first week Titine saved two sentinels by her warnings, and in a month eleven, in each case from actual attack, which was escaped. She lost no sentinel in a region where the battalion, previously without dogs, had lost as high as seven sentinels in nine days.

Medor, No. 6 E, liaison dog: On Sept. 28, 1917, was struck by a shell scrap. He accomplished one and a quarter miles under curtain fire to carry an order of the brigade to a Colonel; was wounded, yet dragged himself to the commanding post, where he died fifteen minutes after.

Let an American Corporal tell how a German's dog foiled him. With two privates the Corporal left a large patrol in a certain place in an abandoned trench in No Man's Land. They first found a smooth wire barrier which had been shot to pieces by the American fire. Further on they came upon German entanglements of wire twenty feet deep, with four pointed barbs. The men were inspecting an opening in the wire when a dog, apparently chained on the other side, began to bark. A dugout opened quickly in a trench and a gruff voice was heard to say "fertig," meaning "ready." Suddenly a brilliant rocket went up, and the Americans threw themselves flat on the ground just as a machine gun began to spit bullets in their direction. A few feet away a heavy object struck the ground. This was found later to be a bomb which had been hurled from the German trench. It had failed to go off. The soldiers stayed where they were until the firing ceased, then they made their way back to the larger patrol of which they were a part and reported.

An officer just back tells how a sentry dog, supplied to his battalion, worked when he took it out on patrol duty. "It was a dark night," he said, "and we moved along for some time and saw nothing. Suddenly the dog stopped dead, pointed, and gave a low growl. We immediately lay motionless on the ground. Two Germans rose up as if out of the ground in front of us and they were immediately bayonetted by our men."

Dogs required special training for sentry work. The dog's hearing is effective at a distance of 100 to 150 yards. His place at night was in a hole made by shells, behind a rock or tree or in a ditch. He did not bark in this kind of service. He growled deeply, or gave some sign, such as scratching the ground, moving his tail, or pricking up his ears, to indicate that something was taking place. The human sentinel immediately was on guard.

Sentry duty was taught by making the dog stay in one position and look in one direction. The sentries were the most silent army in the world. The dogs had a division of their own, organized, staffed, and equipped, like any other branch of the service. They had their drills, parades, and manoeuvring grounds, their administrative centre, cookhouse, dressing station, and hospital. They lived in huts with no front wall, and each dog had his own kennel.

Artemis, at one time attached to the 94th Regiment of Infantry in the Ypres sector, once saved the life of the Captain he was attached to, and later, during the Crown Prince's offensive on the Heights of the Meuse, on night patrol and sentinel duty, he saved the life of his master, Sergeant Major Poussigue. In the Ypres sector his Captain was fighting one German when another slipped up behind with his bayonet ready to use it. The dog leaped at the throat of the second German and brought him down just as the Captain finished off the first assailant.

Both Sergeant Major Poussigue and the dog were lying in a listening post when suddenly Artemis began to bristle and emit low growls. He had smelled a boche. The Sergeant Major remained where he was listening and straining his eyes to see how many there were in the patrol when suddenly the dog sprang over the parapet of the listening post and flung himself at the throat of a boche who had crept up from another direction. Rifle fire immediately began. When it was over there was one dead boche and the sentinel dog's right leg was hanging limply.

The liaison or courier dog must have intelligence of a high order and much training. This dog carried dispatches day and night, and must possess speed, endurance, and be unafraid of shell fire or artillery barrage. There were times when it was impossible to establish telegraph lines or there were times when the wireless and telephones, no matter how deeply sunk, were useless. At times when by barrage fire the front lines were cut off and it was impossible for a human being to make the journey, these dogs of war, faithful to their duty, went to it with heroism.

Telling Soldiers About Life at Sea

AGENTS of the United States Shipping Board Recruiting Service have established themselves at the thirty-one cantonments at which soldiers are awaiting demobilization. This is being done by authority of the War Department to provide the soldiers with facts about opportunities for ambitious young men in the merchant marine.

The soldiers are interested in the story the representatives of the merchant marine are telling at every camp in the land today. They flock to the booths where the posters on sea life are displayed, where the booklets telling of the Recruiting Service's training ships and the merchant marine is to be told to them all by the representatives of this service.

No actual recruiting of men for the merchant marine is being done in camps. The soldier hears the story that he may ponder on its purport and file away in his memory the facts about a promising job open to him.

Sport Recrudescence on Heels of Army Training

Returning Soldiers, Often Physically Fit for First Time in Their Lives, Show Active Interest in Golf, Tennis, Baseball, and Other Exercise

ATHLETIC activity during the coming season should set a new mark in American sports. Army life has aroused a new interest for out-of-door games. Youths whose diversion in the past has been nothing more vigorous than billiards have learned in military service to exercise, and they like it. After that strenuous training the American boy is going to get out and do something himself.

After a year of soldiering a young man who lives at 110th Street now walks back and forth to Forty-second Street every day to business. Hiking has become a habit with him. Unless he walks five or six miles a day he doesn't feel fit. This is the spirit which is likely to bring about a great revival of sports during the Spring and Summer. Golf and tennis are the sports which probably will command the greatest interest among amateurs. Championships have been restored and new events have been instituted. The golf people have started new tournaments for junior players, while the national tennis officials have given even greater encouragement to the development of promising talent among the boys. The United States National Lawn Tennis Association is already receiving applications for tournaments in all sections of the country.

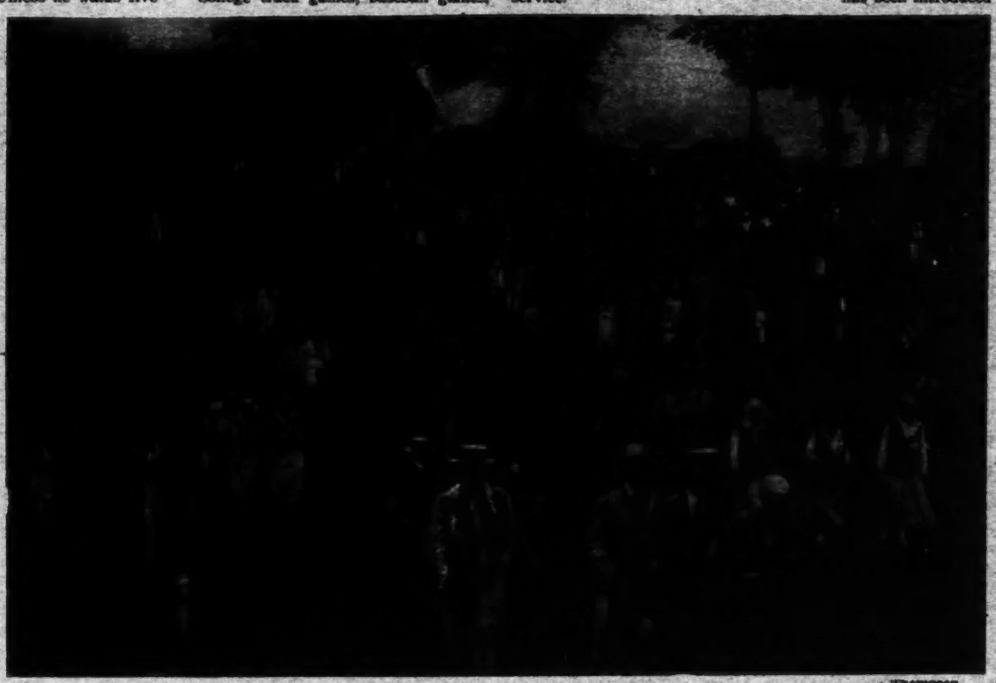
A renewal of the Davis Cup matches will bring the United States back into international play in 1920 or sooner. Italy has challenged Australasia for the Davis Cup, and this action may bring about international competition at the end of 1919. International golf play is not improbable this season. Golfers especially are enthusiastic about the coming season, for the links furnish a common meeting ground for men who can meet each other in no other way. Courses are going to be improved, new courses are to be built and, in the larger cities, there is a cry already for more public golf courses and more public tennis courts in the parks. The ranking tennis players of 1916 will be out of service and available for the championship singles at Forest Hills on Aug. 25. The best known of the amateur golfers who have been in the service will be free to compete when the big tournaments come along.

Athletics proved such a valuable adjunct to military training in the colleges that practically the entire student bodies have been induced to participate in some branch of sport. Depleted athletic treasuries have forced a curtailment of expenses in several colleges, but with the renewal of the big football games in the Fall all the most interesting college athletic classics will return to normal. Mass athletics has brought the whole student body into action and intramural competition has brought students to the running track or baseball diamond who used to spend much of their exercise periods in the college library.

College track games, baseball games, and boat races will come back with renewed interest in the Spring. Triangular and dual track meets will be numerous and the intercollegiate championships will be a greater athletic spectacle than ever before. Yale and Harvard are even talking of sending crews to England. Two years of forced absence of normal intercollegiate competition has given opportunity to eliminate some of the features of intercollegiate sport which brought about Faculty disapproval.

Excessive extravagance in connection with training and coaching has been curtailed, and the second-rate athlete is not going to be thrust aside to give a monopoly to the specialized star. Athletics for the many instead of the few has been inaugurated. This season offers the colleges an opportunity they have sought for years to inaugurate a policy of sports for sport's sake, instead of sacrificing everything else to produce a winning team.

Returning soldiers have already sought places in athletic clubs, and the Amateur Athletic Union predicts the greatest outdoor season in its history. Running, jumping, boxing, hurdling, soccer football, volley ball, and baseball were popular sports with the soldiers over seas and in this country. Another sport which the army has brought into prominence is polo. This game was played in every camp where cavalry was stationed, and it was one of the best methods of training the mounts for service.



Thompson.

A Forecast of the Golf Links Next Summer—Crowds Like This Typical Tournament "Gallery" at Siwanoy Are Waiting for Warm Weather to Relieve Their Favorite Sport of the Wartime Blight.

The excellent showing of the American mount in the war will add to the interest in breeding, which will mean more racing and polo during the coming season. The Polo Association has re-established all its championship events and is looking forward to the revival of international polo in 1920. In anticipation of this event, the Long Island Polo colony and other clubs are planning a great season.

Many prominent horsemen, who withdrew their patronage from the racetracks during the war, will again sport their colors this Spring. The Jockey Club announces that there is a remarkably bright outlook for the thoroughbreds in the countrywide renewal of sporting activities.

Boxing has become such a popular sport in the army and navy that there is a movement to legalize the sport in States where it is now prohibited. It proved a valuable aid in military training and was of practical value to the soldiers, not only in handling themselves, but in developing confidence and judgment. Where, before the war, there was one amateur who knew how to use his fists, today there are thousands. It means a great boom of amateur boxing in clubs and athletic associations.

An unusually successful season is in prospect for baseball, professional and amateur. It was the favorite game with the soldiers and was played in camps more than any other form of sport. It has been introduced in England, France, and Italy, and may in time become an international game. The soldiers of the allied armies found great difficulty in mastering the points of the sport, which come so readily to the Yankee youth. It will take many years to establish the sport in Europe, for it is a game which cannot be played well except by those who begin to play in boyhood.

The presence of professional baseball players among the ranks of the soldiers added to their interest in the game, for there is no one figure in sport who has such an appeal to the American youth's hero worship as the big league ball player. The major leagues, after two years of subdued interest, find a public anxiously awaiting the opening of the championship season on April 23. It is expected that all, or nearly all, of the players will be out of the camps in time for the opening game. There was so much baseball played by the army during the last year that it interested boys who were never before able to distinguish a bat from first base. Army baseball has recruited a new army of fans to the standard of the major leagues. The baseball public this Summer will be more numerous and more enthusiastic than in the past.

Many changes have been made in the executive end of baseball which should prove beneficial. The club owners have seen the wisdom of keeping the commercial end of the game in the background as much as possible and centring attention on the sporting feature of the game. There is little doubt that the standard of

Polo Players of Squadrons A and C in Van Cortlandt Park, Near the Old Van Cortlandt Mansion. Brown Bros.

The Barrage Lifts. Bernard Hugh in The Bystander.

play this season will be higher than it was last season. Many players found places in the major leagues last season who were merely taken on to fill the emergency when the regulars were called to the colors.

Baseball in the colleges, schools, and even down to the teams in the back lots is more likely than any other sport to arouse new interest and gain new disciples. On the street and in the restaurants one may already hear men talking about the coming baseball season. It has become, to many New Yorkers, the topic of conversation second best to the weather.

Shall We Deport the Interned Aliens?

Representative Burnett's Bill in Congress Is Enlisting Strong Support, but Has Aroused Opposition, Including Senator Hardwick's

WHAT is to become of thousands of alien enemies now in internment camps of the country? At the conclusion of peace, are they to be liberated and left free to remain in the United States, or are they to be expelled? And are they to be deported to Germany and Austria, whence they came, or merely sent over the frontiers and then left alone?

These are questions which will come before Congress soon. A bill has been introduced, by request of the Department of Justice, providing that the Secretary of Labor may deport such interned aliens as he sees fit. The Immigration Committees of both the Senate and the House must first pass upon the measure. At present there is no law to regulate these aliens when they are released. John Lord O'Brian, Special Assistant to the Attorney General for war work, has summed up the situation thus:

"If there is no legislation enacted to deport these people, or to send them out of the country, we have no power to hold them, and they will be turned loose upon the community. They most certainly cannot be reached by the present immigration laws, for they are practically all outside those statutes."

Already, however, some opposition to the proposed law is developing in Congress. Senator Hardwick of Georgia, Chairman of the Immigration Committee, says:

"If I retain my present frame of mind I shall certainly not vote for any law giving one man the power to determine who should be deported. This might be done in wartime. But in peacetime, no! I would consent to a law allowing a trial by jury of these people. But I could not consent to giving this power to one man. This is not Russia!"

The Department of Justice, in answer to Mr. Hardwick's advocacy of jury trial, says the interned aliens cannot be tried by jury, because at the time they were placed in the camp no laws existed whereunder they could be tried, and that, therefore, they cannot now be brought before a jury. As a matter of fact, hundreds of men, and some women, too, were tried, and are now in Federal prisons at Atlanta and Leavenworth and McNeill's Island, and these were included in the aliens taken into custody after the United States entered the war.

Senator Hardwick may be against the legislation stimulated by the Department of Justice, but the head of the House Immigration Committee, Representative Burnett of Alabama, certainly is not, for he introduced the bill about to be considered. He takes the stand of the Department of Justice that the majority of the interned aliens are dangerous and should be deported. He believes that the measure will pass his committee successfully. The bill provides that all aliens deemed by the Secretary of Labor to be "undesirable residents" of the country because they have been interned under the war statutes are liable to deportation, as well as aliens who during the war have been convicted of offenses against the Government. The fact of internment or conviction is defined by the bill as prima facie evidence that the aliens are "undesirable," and the decision of the Secretary of Labor is to be final.

By far the greater majority of the interned Germans and Austrians are at Fort Oglethorpe, near Chattanooga, and Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City. There was another great internment camp at Hot Springs, N. C., but this has been abandoned. A few of the aliens are detained at Ellis Island, N. Y.; San Francisco, and New Orleans. But they are kept there only temporarily.

For war reasons, the Department of Justice has been scrupulously careful not to reveal the exact number of persons interned. The department has held that this would be an indication to the Central Empires of what inroads this country's Secret Service had made in uncovering the ramifications of foreign spy systems. However, estimates from reliable sources place the total number at some 5,000, including the hundreds of alien seamen. The sailors, who include both merchant seamen and naval officers and crews, are placed at between 2,000 and 3,000, and the guess is made that the interned civilians number perhaps 2,500.

All kinds of reasons actuated the internment of the Germans and Austrians. Many were arrested at the entry of this country into the war, a large number of them before they could do any damage whatever. These were German agents or spies, and the Department of Justice, which had long had them under surveillance, drew its net tightly and quickly. Internment was, for the most part, a preventive instead of a cure. As already said, if a man had committed a crime and if any law existed whereby he could be punished, he was tried by a court of law. The required law, however, did not exist in all cases. Many acts lay entirely outside the Federal law as then framed. Aliens likely to become sources of danger were simply seized. Some who were placed in the internment camps went there because they had violated Presidential regulations promulgated during the war. Professional trouble makers and propagandists were gathered in by the score. Naturally, from the very variety of the reasons impelling internment, there is a wide scope in the degree of culpability among the aliens. In rare instances persons were interned for their own protection, some at their own request, others because the department considered it wise. Few of these are regarded as dangerous. But the department believes that the greater number of the persons now behind the wire fences should be sent out of the country. The majority are regarded as having been "distinctly dangerous during the war."

The list of persons interned is not a public document, but from time to time the identity of those placed in the camps has become known. Adolph Pavenstadt, Carl Heynen, and Hugo Schmidt are three financial representatives of the Germans. So is Felix Sommerfeld, once Villa's Chief of Secret Service. Dr. Muck, the musical director, and another conductor, Kuhnhardt of the Cincinnati Orchestra, are interned. Max Breitung, Carl Bertling, an active propagandist, and Federico Stallforth, who is even now testing internment on the ground that he is a Mexican citizen, are three others. Stallforth was an intimate of Rintelen, the spy and agent for blowing up British ships. Otto Wolpert, commander of a German liner, and Commodore Ruser of the Vaterland; Harry Salaman, a New York banker; Paul Koenig, credited with being the paymaster of the German Secret Service; Max Lucke and Count Mongelas, German journalists and propagandists, are all behind the fences. And there are Rudolph Otto, a former Consul at Jamaica; Karl Neumond, a New York and New Orleans merchant; H. A. Seebohm of a great chemical company now taken over by the Alien Property Custodian; Adelbert Fisher, Enno Bode, Alfonse Fontheim, and W. von Nostedt.

The question whether the alien enemies should be placed upon ships and deported to their own countries, or whether they should be simply ejected from this country, will have much bearing upon the debate when the legislation comes up.

It is believed that well-nigh all the men and women in the camps wish to remain here, and if they are once landed inside Germany or Austria their attempts to return to the United States will be much more difficult. The legislation will not affect the naval officers and crews, for they are prisoners of war. They include the forty-four men and five officers of the U-58, which was sunk by the destroyer Fanning on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and the officers of the Prince Eitel Friedrich and the cruiser Geyer, whose officers blew her up in the Pacific.

EDUCATIONAL REFORMS IN JAPAN

Visit of Special Commission to America Is Incidental to School Changes in Nippon, Which Is Growing More Democratic and Frets Under Bureaucratic Restrictions

By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD,
Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Yale.

AMONG the many symptoms of unrest—some fraught with promise of good and others full of foreboding—which prevail over the entire civilized world, there is none more significant than the well-nigh universal dissatisfaction with the existing systems of education.

This dissatisfaction extends to the things most important, such as the supreme ends of education, the legitimate sources of its control, and the discipline and morale of the teachers; but it also embraces such details as the selection of textbooks and the conduct of oral and written examination papers. Here, as in general in all similar matters, there are two extremes of opinion and of the practice adopted or advocated. There are the "conservatives," who stand for the classical and what has been sanctioned by long usage; and there are the "radicals," who are ready to subject everything to the test of experimentation with a view to speedy reconstruction. And all the way between there are those who place more or less dependence on unchanging psychological principles, and who recognize the truth that national and racial characteristics do not yield readily—or if readily, not safely—to sudden and violent changes in the social and mental environment.

That Japan, whose advance toward the front rank of modern nations has been marked in an unprecedented way by its rate of speed and at least superficial extent, should share in this spirit of unrest is to be expected. Indeed, it is rather surprising that Japan has been hitherto so well satisfied with the system of public education which it took over, mainly in its form from the United States, but largely in its spirit from Germany. During the pre-restoration days learning was considered for the lower classes a dangerous acquirement; and even among the Samurai class, the gentlemen of the day, culture in our understanding of the word was little worthy to compete with efficiency in the art of arms.

The Imperial Rescript, which founded the existing system of public education in Japan, was issued on Oct. 30, 1890. It justly laid all the emphasis on the preparation of the people for discharging their several duties in a way to provide for the public welfare in the broadest interpretation of the term. Its foundation and its aim were distinctly ethical. "Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents; affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives, be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all." Then follows the injunction: "Pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers." Thus, in the intention of the Rescript was the Japanese system of education planned to be "practical"; that is, serviceable for right conduct in every human interest and human relation, rather than in the narrow meaning of the word so unfortunately prevalent with us at the present time.

But times have changed within, as well as environing, Japan, and since the great war broke out and the whole world is plainly destined to unexampled changes of every sort, before and especially after its close, Japan has sensed the need of timely changes in its entire system of public education.

In view of this momentous fact an Imperial Rescript was issued, under date of Sept. 20, 1917, which reads as follows: "We, in view of the situation at home and abroad, and in consideration of the future of the empire, have thought it advisable to organize an Educational Committee in the Cabinet, empowering it to deliberate on educational affairs in Japan, so that progress in education may be attained. We hereby approve the organic regulations of the Extraordinary Educational Conference and order them to be published"; this Conference was to be formed by a President, a Vice President, and a committee of not more than forty members.

International Film Service.

Japanese Students at Osaka With an American Teacher.

In accordance with this plan, Commissioners are already in this country collecting data which, it is expected, will help the educational reforms to be inaugurated so as to avoid our errors and take advantage of our excellences by molding them to the differences in the economic, social, and spiritual needs of the people of Japan.

One who, as I have done, has conversed an hour or two with any of these Commissioners, will testify to the polite shrewdness with which they elicit the good and the bad points of our existing educational system, and the cautious but intelligent way in which they express their gratitude for hopeful suggestions, or their doubts about the practicability of transferring even our most conspicuous virtues to a land whose political and social constitution is so different from their own.

But in order to understand the educational reforms proposed for the new Japan, the needs to be met by them, and the nature which they must adopt, three important matters must be kept in mind. Of these the most important concerns the relations—mental, political, and social—in which the body of the people stands to the ruling classes. Profound differences are developing rapidly in modern Japan in respect of all of these relations. And since the beginning of the war the pace of the changes has been greatly accelerated.

The control of the Government over educational institutions, especially of the higher order, and over the opinions and teaching of those conducting the public education in these institutions, has never been in Japan of the same thoroughly autocratic and imperialistic character which has prevailed in Prussia and has of late extended itself over all Germany. The Japanese ideas and aims correspond more closely to the Anglo-Saxon or French conception of culture than to the Teutonic conception of Kultur. And, indeed, some of the most influential and numerous of the educational institutions—such as, notably, Waseda, whose founder and patron is Marquis Okuma, (the Marquis once told me that his garden and his school were his chief interests in life,) and Keio-Oijiku, founded and directed for so many years by Mr. Fukuzawa—have oftener than not been in opposition to the Government. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the German type has been quite too influential in the State universities and so-called colleges and high schools, and that in the public schools of the lower grades in the subjects of duties to the Emperor, one's ancestry and liege lord, and even to the country, instruction has been expected, and to a considerable degree enforced, which does not correspond to the changed views, sentiments, and practices of the present time.

There can be no doubt that Japan has been growing more "democratic," in the wider and looser meaning of that exceedingly vague and elusive word. This growth has not as yet seriously affected the attitude of the multitudes toward the Emperor or toward the members of the imperial family. It has as yet resulted in little of anarchistic tendency, or even of that form of extreme socialism which is ruining Russia, and which is threatening so seriously all the countries of the civilized world, not excepting, in a marked degree, our own country. It has recently displayed itself in violent, but not altogether unjust, ways against the Narikin, or new-made millionaires, who have become so by "profiteering" in disgraceful ways, especially in the matter of food supply. But right here the benevolence of the imperial family and of many of the old aristocracy has done most to relieve and pacify the populace.

It cannot be thought strange or altogether unfortunate, however, if considerable and sharp differences of opinion emerge as to the best manner of modifying the Japanese system of education now existing, and which can plead such large contributions to public welfare in the past, so as to meet the changed conditions. How, indeed, shall this system be made more suited to the growing democracy while conserving the old values and thus barring the baleful forms of socialism, and securing the real welfare of the whole body of the people? As a matter of the principles discussed and the arguments advanced by the extremists on either side, Japan does not differ greatly from ourselves.

A curious illustration of Japan's peculiar difficulty of reform in this matter has been given by the reception met by the gift of Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, a New York banker, of a hundred thousand yen to establish a chair of instruction on the American Constitution, History, and Diplomacy in the Imperial University, Tokio. The authorities of the Imperial University promptly accepted the gift, and proposed to select a promising young man for the post and send him to America for three years' preparation for his work. Meantime the work was to be divided among three regular professors of the university. Thereupon Mr. Okada, then Minister of Education, interfered on the ground that the chair had not been constituted in accordance with the ordinance which established the university; for neither was its purpose to "teach such arts and sciences as those demanded by the State" (see Article 1) nor had its establishment been authorized by imperial ordinance, (see Article 18). "Imperial ordinance" meant, of course, Mr. Okada's permission, which he did not propose to give.

The real reason for the disapproval was probably that given by one of the professors to the Japan Advertiser. "Japanese officialdom does not invite the introduction of democratic propaganda into Japan, and fears even to hear the word 'democracy' just as the Japanese people a hundred years ago shuddered before the word 'Christianity.'" But Japanese officialdom can change, and, indeed, has the habit of changing with almost startling rapidity. And Japanese officialdom has changed since this dictum of the Imperial University professor was uttered; it is undoubtedly to be followed by a more liberal and less bureaucratic policy.

In this connection it is not out of place to quote from the Japan Gazette the report that the Japanese primary schools in Yokohama have been approached by certain elementary schools in New York City with the request that their pupils be asked to "write essays on the subject 'Democracy and the Present War' and mail them to New York." "A conference of the principals and teachers of the primary schools in the port will be convened shortly to answer the proposal." "It is to laugh," as the French would say. Knowing so well and so sympathetically both teachers and pupils, I can easily imagine the solemnity, eloquence, and display of argument with which so grave a proposal would be discussed. If it is adopted, it is to be hoped that the primary schools of Yokohama will propose to the schools in New York City an exchange of essays on "Japanese Imperialism and the Present War." As to the quality of the production, one might more safely place one's money on the Japanese—and this whatever one's views as to "substance of doctrine" might happen to be.

The second matter of importance, which seems to be a growing number to need a thorough reform, concerns the relation of the teachers to the appointing power, both as respects their ap-

(Continued on Page 15)

On with the Dance in Gotham!

Terpsichore Reigns as Mars Is Being Forgotten, and It Is Predicted That the Exit of Bacchus Will Not Silence the Jazz

GRIM Bellona has put aside her gauntlets and greaves for pumps and silken hose. Mars jazzes jocosely. To the diapason of cannon has succeeded the light fantastic strain of that modern rigadoon, the one step; and as a symbol the saltatory kangaroo has displaced the war dog. It is a frolicsome world, a world of capering and high jinks, and, in galloping company with the others, New York has hit the parquet trail.

Terpsichore captured dear old New York with frou frou and perfume and musical rag. Maids with mops swept the dust from glistening floors and wider spaces were cleared in restaurants for the muse of motion. The very day the first report of peace came to New York, couples began one-stepping in flag-decked Fifth Avenue, and that night the leading dancerias looked as they did when the Castles and the Waltons dominated Manhattan. Not that dancing was a lost art during the war. With some the hostilities did not mean even a hesitation in the waltz. But since then there's been a boom.

Since last November dancing has been coming back into vogue so fast it keeps ahead of the music. Makers of melody, who were on their uppers, have taken heart anew. Some returning soldiers have learned to dance from the thousands of young women abroad on war service, and the others find willing teachers. They can now canter at the canteens. When a War Community maid one-stepped last year it was a graceful sacrifice; now that the fight is over dancing to her is no longer a grim rite but a rediscovered joy.

The centre of the dance cyclone is due about the middle of next Winter, according to the prophets. Among those who think so is Louis Sherry, restaurant proprietor. One may see the young people whirling about in the waxen clearing in his establishment every afternoon, and in the evenings they go also and dance with the older set.

There are plenty of officers in uniform in that bright company, and those who still use canes sit at the tables to watch the flitting of the graceful figures. The Young Person dances from the urge of life, and those of maturer years to keep pace with the procession.

Over the revels hangs the Damocles sword of prohibition, but that does not seem to worry the votaries. The Young Person may sip a little, but not much, and in the afternoons at the restaurants and hotels the wizardry of wine seems not to be needed to stir the pulses.

"It's a question which, owing to the war, the American people have not really considered in all its phases," said Mr. Sherry, when he was asked what he thought of the threatened cold water wave. "At dances held late at night and especially at supper a little champagne is appreciated and adds zest to the occasion. And yet young persons seem to get along very well without it. We had a dance here recently for about three hundred, and as most of the men were officers in uniform it was impossible to serve wine without some embarrassment, for the law forbids men in the service to have it; so there was none at all, and the affair was one of the social successes of the season."

The Cascades at the Biltmore, the ballrooms of the Astor, the grill of the Waldorf-Astoria, and many other places have witnessed an increase in the popularity of dancing. At the tables cocktails and highballs are not conspicuous, and drinks without alcohol are the main refreshments of the dancers; but, whereas smoking was rigidly forbidden to women at dances a few years ago, nowadays My Lady Nicotine shares the homage the gentler sex pays Terpsichore. And with what verve they dance these days, both young and old! When the music starts, back go the chairs with a snap and out upon the smooth floor they sally.

"A remedy for overwrought nerves."

Dancing this year has no startling new steps. The one-step—not quite so swift as it used to be when the craze was in apogee in 1912—still holds its own as a kind of military march, which the men from the late Front like to dance to the lilt of "Over There." The fox trot is a less elaborate measure than the survivors of the earlier epidemic knew, and has developed largely into a slow version of the old two-step.

The waltz is returning to its old schedule, and the hesitation interlude is being eliminated. One glides in the old-fashioned measures which Byron denounced. There is a little of the canter step added, but in the main this queen of dances seems to defy the popular prejudice against royalties.

If the stately pavan were among us again, or the ceremonious minuet, they would be offered up as victims to the great god Jazz. To set down what jazz is would be to define the indefinite. Jazz is Bacchanalian abandon plus. It is a kind of shuffle and a balance step to execute which one must be born, not trained. It is taught in salons du danse, but, unlike the waltz, it cannot be guaranteed in four lessons or money back. Two Young Persons who have attained the beatitude of its rhythm are a cheery sight; twain who have not are sights for gods and men.

"They canter at the canteens."

The dance revival has accentuated posture, even if it has not as yet given birth to new cousins to the Toddles. There is the cheek-to-cheek pose, in which dancers who seem soldered at the face, whirl around in absolute rhythm. It is the Thrift Stamp of dancing positions. Then there is that curious lean-to pose, in which the man bends far back and the woman droops forward like a lily broken at the stem, and nestles the feather of her hat, if she wears one, in the nearest available ear.

Nor is all this deep interest in the treading of gladsome measures pent in hotels and restaurants. There is that shrine of Terpsichore, known as the Club de Vingt, in East Fifty-eighth Street, which may look like a handbox of a place from the outside, but has space for 150 couples under congested traffic conditions. It is a club because three nights in the week it is given up to its 400 members. The original coterie of twenty members was greatly multiplied. The other evenings and the afternoons are devoted to the public. One Saturday not long ago 550 persons in the afternoon and at night danced upon the well waxed floor. No "hard" drinks are served to the public. It is one of the most interesting developments, as evidenced here, that alcoholic beverages have little to do with the zest of the dance.

"Cocktails and highballs are not conspicuous."

Studios and ateliers for the cultivation of the rhythmic arts abound. Miss Margaret Stewart Crawford, instructress and director of dancing pageants, said the other day that the teachers were never busier than now.

"Persons of all ages are learning to dance," she said, "for the quiet of the last four years kept many from lessons. There are coming to the city hundreds of teachers of dancing to take up normal courses before reopening their studios."

"Lessons are given."

The rejuvenation of the diversion has aroused in physicians fresh interest in the poetry of motion as a remedy for overwrought nerves and shellshock. It is an agreeable prescription for some of the returned soldiers, and it is filled by some star-eyed divinity of the dance. But, leaving more formal measures of life and turning to the places of popular resort, consider that former abode of beer and pretzels and concerts, once the Terrace Garden, now turned into a Dance Palace with a soft drink obbligato. Where Gambrinus ruled nothing stronger than ginger pop is on tap. Here it is that the youth of the upper east side and the west and Long Island and New Jersey dances. When the upper floors are in commission about three thousand persons can be happy in the place.

The Dancing Carnival, which was at the Grand Central Palace before that institution was commandeered for military purposes, has taken up a new abode in the St. Nicholas Rink in West Sixty-sixth Street. The floor is not so commodious, but still 2,000 persons can be accommodated. Only soft drinks are served, and the management has offered nothing stronger for many a year.

"I have never seen a greater interest in dancing," said J. B. Garriger, manager of the organization. "I know that before many weeks it will sweep the entire country."

Mr. Garriger does not dance. He holds himself aloof personally from such gayety and intrusts instruction in the art to others. Lessons are given in private rooms, and the instructresses and instructors, on the payment of a small fee, dance with the patrons at so much a dance. It is not permissible to make haphazard acquaintanceships, for there are numerous placards to the effect that none must speak to strangers unless introduced by a floor manager. As to dispensing with an introduction, that sort of thing is just not done at the Dancing Carnival.

Dancing pavilions are springing up all over the city, not only in Manhattan but in the outlying boroughs. The Bronx has recently taken to itself the Crystal Palace and Hunt's Point Palace; the upper regions of Manhattan have the Audubon, and Brooklyn has lately found several large new dancing halls at its service. To mention any considerable part of these recent ventures into the amusement world would be a difficult task. In the words of Balder, the poet, "On with the dance."

"That curious lean-to pose."

Gainsborough Landscape in This Country

Art at Home and Abroad

"Pastoral Landsape With Figures and Cattle," by Gainsborough. (In Horace Harding's Collection.)

GAINSBOROUGH'S landscapes, one of which has just now been sold to the Worcester Museum, are the things he called his own: "I'm a landscape painter," he said, "and yet they will come to me for portraits." He loved the fields about Sudbury and the banks of the Stour, and painted them not only as he saw them but as he felt them. All his landscapes had a character which was part English and part Gainsborough, but altogether lovable and touching. "On looking at them," said Constable, his great successor, "we find tears in our eyes and know not what brings them."

There was no pathetic fallacy about it, however. They never are sentimentalized landscapes, but rich in lovely truth. As in all intensely original work the language used is far from new. Pretty nearly everything of the past is in it. A little of Wynants in the matter of thistles and dock leaves, something of Ruysdael, even a bit of Teniers, and very much of Watteau, but most of all nature, the deep source of inspiration of them all. Drawing from this source and helping himself eagerly enough to the instruction offered him by the older masters, Gainsborough evolved a style that shouts his name aloud wherever his pictures are seen.

Such a style as his, free, light, casual, gay, implies unremitting labor in the process of forming it. Before he was twenty he was working early and late at landscape subjects in the neighborhood of Sudbury; and afterward at Ipswich, before he became a fashionable portrait painter, he spent most of his time sketching the country people in their natural environment at their ordinary occupations, and making himself familiar with atmospheric effects. Still later, when "they would come to him for portraits" and made his art inconveniently profitable, he brought tree-stumps and weeds and animals into his painting room and had a go at them there. The pigs in the "Girl with Pigs," bought by Reynolds, were painted from three little piglets that gamboled about the studio in Pall Mall while Gainsborough at his easel was "catching an attitude or a leer from them." How careful he could be with his details is seen in the "Great Cornard Wood" of the National Gallery, with its precise portraiture of foliage and foreground. It is not likely that a man famous for his power to produce a perfect likeness of the human countenance in which he was but little interested would go far astray in his likeness of the scenes he worshipped, and in this Cornard picture, begun before he left school, "the study of the parts and minutiae," he himself wrote, are equal to any of his later works. After he had studied his stumps and weeds and blades of grass, however, and had punctiliously tested the effect of his composition by arranging a model in miniature with broken stones and dried herbs and pieces of looking glass, after he had learned to know his animals in the round by modeling them in clay, he swept out of his mind all the dust and débris of preliminary processes and generalized brilliantly, provoking, together with Reynolds, the furious comment of Blake: "To Generalize is to be an Idiot," which he worked into poetry as—

> These are the Idiots' chiefest arts:
> To blend and not define the parts.

The light and "feathery" touch with which Gainsborough did indeed "blend the parts" in his pictures grew lighter and more sensitive as he grew older, and among his latest pictures are his best.

American collections contain a number of fine examples of Gainsborough's landscapes. The best known—one called by those acquainted with reputations in art the most famous English picture in the world—is the landscape with figures, called "The Mall," now in Mr. Frick's collection. This wonderful picture has no detractors. It is generally ascribed to the year 1786, but the latest biographer of Gainsborough, William T. Whitley, finds a note in The London Morning Herald that proves it three years earlier in date: "Gainsborough is working on a magnificent picture in a style new to his hand; a park with a number of figures walking in it. To the connoisseur the most compendious information is to say that it comes nearest to the manner of Watteau, but to say no more it is Watteau far outdone."

Apparently Gainsborough liked no better than the artists of today to be compared to a predecessor, however famous, for in the catalogue of the first collection of his pictures at Schomberg House in 1784 the note to this painting rather punctiliously explains that "some have attributed this piece to be after the manner of a distinguished master of the Flemish school; but the imitation being strictly from nature and the style of coloring possessing every originality, such a definition is without propriety." Whitley also adds the information gained from William Jackson of Exeter, that "all the female figures in his park scene Gainsborough drew from a doll of his own creation."

By whatever methods it came into existence, "The Mall" is a stately and gracious picture, the crowning glory of Gainsborough's art. The large trees of the park swim in an atmosphere so wistful and tremulous that the introduction of Watteau's name in contemporary criticism was inevitable, and the little figures are graceful, animated, and dignified, lovely expressions of the mood of the century.

Mr. Whitley thinks that the explanation of a doll as a model for the women in the picture rules out the idea of their having been painted from members of the royal family, but this, of course, is absurd. Gainsborough had painted for royalty with such assiduity that he must have memorized every feature, and he may very well have put his Princesses into his picture as a central group toward which the eyes of the lesser personages would be directed—he still could use his little doll, dressed by his own hands, for references of pose and draperies.

"The Market Cart" in Judge Gary's collection is another famous and important subject, a variant of that in the National Gallery, in which the figures of the girls on the cart, the travelers resting by the roadside, and the animals are placed in just the right relation to the landscape, in which massive trees with heavy foliage stirred by a lively breeze are full of varied color and form leading the observer far into the scene, with a skill and subtlety based upon profound observation of aerial effects in nature. Gainsborough painted nine or ten "Market Carts," and Judge Gary's contains rather less landscape than the National Academy example, and more is made of the cart and figures. It came from the collection of Sir Lionel Phillips at Tylney Hall, Winchfield.

Mr. Horace Harding owns the fine "Pastoral Landscape with Figures and Cattle," reproduced on this page. The golden tone of the shadow enveloping the figures and the exquisite treatment of the reflections in the foreground water are the work of a great technician who uses his technique to express the innermost character of his subject.

The John G. Johnson collection includes a remarkably rich and splendid "Landscape with a Windmill."

Mr. Willys also owns a beautiful Gainsborough landscape; another is in the collection of Mr. John Fowler of St. Louis, and others of varying degrees of interest and importance are in the museums of this country. The character of Gainsborough's landscapes never has been analyzed with full sympathy. The calligraphic line of his foliage, and the mannerism of his composition with its central opening enframed with shadow, the softness of his workmanship, and his frequent contentment with two planes have diverted attention from the sensitive patterns and robust vigor. That scrawl of foliage against the sky describes a beautiful arabesque. The birds fly through the leaves as in Corot's pictures. The forms of the clouds are thoughtfully studied, and the trunks of the trees draw life from the solid earth and sustain their heavy crown of branch and leaf with resilient strength. All this is apparent in the early "Cornard Wood" before the famous style was formed, but it takes no very searching vision to see it in the later works as clearly. Gainsborough was not of the class of artists who generalize as they grow older, because they see less and think less and are impatient and hurried with the sad perturbation and haste of declining years. He belongs to the much smaller class of those who use their early drill in observation and analysis to nourish their synthesis and make it express all that it leaves out.

Odilon Redon.

Odilon Redon is at the Ehrich Galleries in a round hundred of his prints, including his illustrations of Poe and Flaubert, if one may call illustrations

"L'Idole Astrale," by Odilon Redon. (At the Ehrich Galleries.)

You are cordially invited to
The Hansen
ART STUDENTS EXHIBITION
on view
Sat., Mar. 8th, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.
Sun., Mar. 9th, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.
Mon., Mar. 10th, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.
at
THE HANSEN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
9 East 59th Street
DAY, EVENING AND SUNDAY CLASSES
NOW OPEN
Send for Season Catalogue of
1918—1919

The WHITNEY STUDIO
8 WEST 8
Sculpture by
Malvina Hoffman
Decorations by
Arthur Crisp
NOW ON EXHIBITION
Week days 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays 2 to 5 P. M.

Braus Inc.
Will exhibit
Garden Paintings
by Miss Anna Winegar, from February 25 to March 11.
Braus Art Galleries
2123 Broadway, at 74th St.

PAINTINGS
BY
BOUDIN
Feb. 26 to Mar. 15
Durand-Ruel
12 East 57th Street

We specialize in original hand decorated, and Batik textiles. Also reproductions of all periods.
Your inspection is solicited.
JAVAN STUDIOS
309 5th Ave. 111 West 57th St.
New York

THE NEW YORK TIMES WAR VOLUMES
The essential, official, authentic documents relating to the war. The richest literature, representing the best products of the most renowned authors and publicists of the nations involved in the struggle. *Twenty volumes. Seventeen volumes now ready.* More than 12,000 pages, 1,000 cartoons, 900 rotogravure illustrations, charts, and maps.
AGENTS WANTED.
THE NEW YORK TIMES WAR VOLUMES
Times Square, New York

the intensely subjective visions evoked by the impact of their imagination upon his. Redon is called a mystic with a degree of reasonableness. His contemplation of the object which he uses as a symbol is so intense as to result in that motionless rest of the whole being that seemed to the early mystics coalescence with the divine spirit. Like the early mystics also, he was a simple and practical creature, pleasant and cordial and gay. In his introduction to the catalogue of the present exhibition Mr. Pach writes of him: "Those who knew him at his home, in the quiet studio that had seen about him the great poets, the musicians and painters who were his friends and visitors, will not fail to cherish the memory. The simplest, blithest, kindliest of men at first sight and at last, a man as natural in his enjoyment of good food and good wine, the fragrance of his cigarette and the gayety of flowers, as he was in his admiration for the beauty of Mallarmé, the magnificence of Brahms, (whom he was one of the first in Paris to defend,) Redon, in all his unassuming geniality, had about him, unconsciously, something of the symbolic. He symbolized the culture of France, and one felt its centuries behind him."

In certain of his drawings he came as close to the disembodiment of spirit as any artist of his century. Where light is his motive he uses only so much dark as makes light visible. In his figures the skeleton is felt under the flesh, however rounded the curves, but not the muscular draperies of artists delighting in the vigor of the living and healthy. The skin is drawn a little, the forms are pinched a little, Death makes itself known as near and certain. His visions are like the beautiful and definite unrealities that come with delirium. The atmosphere that envelops them is rarefied and not of the earth, yet not of any heaven composed by man.

Occasionally he is plastic and makes the ponderable substance of the objects in his picture richly felt. "L'Aile," for example, that glorious winged beast which he drew in 1893 for his Apocalypse series. The nobility of the scheme of dark and light is astonishing. The powerful assertion of form might have come from a Sassanid sculptor, and the dramatic tension of the figure expresses a highly imaginative feeling for vitality. It is the work of a true primitive in whom aesthetic feeling is still as fresh as the dawn. There are other moments in which Redon seems to be merely ingenu. The primitive in him appears to slacken and dwindle, and, keeping its character of freshness, becomes no more than the skin-deep naïveté of youth. In this mood he produces a "Brünnhilde" whose powerful goddess shoulders and deep head are contradicted by a compressed, thin mouth and the sharp nose and chin of the ascetic intellectual. "What an amusing Brünnhilde," says a public used to the opera interpretation of the Wagnerian heroine. There is nothing of German rusticity in this adroitly fashioned head, nothing of the unwieldy abundance of the German Brünnhilde, nothing either of that richness of nature that permits her rival's feelings to be spared by the method of Siegfried's killing.

But is it nothing more than naïveté that framed this conception of the warrior maiden? Is it not rather the sympathy of the primitive with the primitive under the heavy shroud of sophistication that leads Redon toward his remarkable Brünnhilde type? Is not here the woman of the Icelandic version, a Brynhild put into the modern idiom, who, could she convert her thought directly into the deed without the restraining influence of modern social codes, would have gone to bed, as did the Scandinavian goddess, and refused to eat or drink because she could not have her choice for a husband? Is not here the woman who would roundly have cursed her rival and rent her needlework, and set open the doors of her bower that all might hear her wailing; who would have laughed "once, once only, from out her heart" when she heard the moaning of the hated Gudrun? There are indications that this is the true reading. Redon, being a great artist, knew perfectly what he was about when he made his drawings. No artist makes an incomprehensible picture. It is worth while to spend a little time at the Ehrich Galleries to become acquainted with the thoughts of this shrewd Gallic thinker and with his subtle and simple art. The exhibition lasts to March 12.

MacDowell Club's Exhibition.

The MacDowell Club exhibition this month is much more than usually interesting. It is a capital stock company performance—probably the more flattering description would be all-star cast, but the exhibition hangs together with an interplay of interest that suggests the first phrase. Leon Kroll's four paintings are all figure subjects. There are Leo Ornstein, Ornstein's father, and Weber's sister, all portraiture of character, rich in research and fine in workmanship. Then there is "The Young Poet," in which the artist lets himself go. The poet is out of doors, reading from his works to a family audience. His eye in fine frenzy is rolling and his gesture is that of eloquence. One member of his family lies in a hammock and wears a slightly wandering and sleepy expression. Another, an elderly woman, yearns toward understanding and interest. A child at the poet's feet is rapt and respectful. The painting is delightful, frank, and bold, yet with innumerable delicacies of vision and brushwork. It is Kroll, not perhaps at his best, but in a fine vein of comedy and a capable workman.

George Bellows shows two portraits, one of the artist Lundberg, dark in tone and rather conventional in characterization, the other his fine portrait of Amadeo Herrarra. Clarence K. Chatterton has four pictures, of which the most interesting is "Clinton Square, Newburgh." There are no empty spaces in this handsome composition. Every inch of it is filled with the interest of color and form. Nevertheless it gives the impression of spaciousness, and the essential dynamic element is there masked by the order of the arrangement. It is amusing to see how some of the more orthodox artists have reveled in the broken lines and distorted perspectives of buildings ruined by war. It has given them their chance to be Cézannesque and still escape the charge of willfulness. Mr. Chatterton has resorted to no subterfuges. His "Newburgh" is thousands of miles from battle and sudden ruin, and he has taken no liberties with its prim yet straggling American village aspect, but he has made his design mobile while granting the solidity of the objects included in it. His houses stand firmly on their foundations. His white nag in the corner—a most lovable beast—shows no tendency to stray from its moorings or look like anything but nag, his men and women and children are corporeal and natural, but all through the design is felt that gentle stir which is life and more than life, which intimates the endless motion of the spheres, and without which a creative work is nothing.

John Sloan shows five canvases, the two that hold the attention longest being his little nude with its rich, refreshing honesty of draftsmanship and his "Mrs. Riley," an idyl of terraced flats and clotheslines and shanties and riotous bed quilts airing in the sunlight. The other painters exhibiting are Mary L. Alexander, Gifford and Reynolds Beal, Bernhard Gussow, Robert Henri, Florence Mix, Rex Slinkard, and Thalia Millett.

NOW ON VIEW
PORTRAIT DRAWINGS *on* VELLUM
by
JOHN S. ELAND
at the
John Levy Art Galleries
14 East Forty-Sixth St.

The MILCH GALLERIES
108 West 57th Street
SPECIAL EXHIBITION
of
"Paintings of the Sea"
by
WILLIAM RITSCHEL
March 3 to 15

Exhibition of
Color Arrangements
as applied to
Furnishings, Lighting Effects and Costumes
Miss Story's Studio
511 Madison Ave.

DANIEL GALLERY
LAWSON
EXHIBITION
2 WEST 47TH ST.

R. Dudensing & Son
Established 1881
OIL PAINTINGS and WATER COLORS
by
American & Foreign Artists
45 West 44th St., between 5th and 6th Aves.

Ardsley Studios
110 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn
EXHIBITION OF WORK BY
Fantin-Latour and Albert Gleizes
THROUGH MARCH
The Ardsley Studios are open every day, including Sundays, throughout the year, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors
28th Annual Exhibition
Feb. 16 to March 4
Admission Free.
GALLERIES OF THE FINE ARTS BLDG.
215 W. 57th St.

Sale of Art Collection
PICTURES AND PAINTINGS
OF THE LATE
THEODORE STEWART
MASTERPIECES BY HARNETT, CARY, WRIGHT, TOJETTI
FINE COLLECTION OF ARMOR
NOW on Exhibition 8 WARREN ST.

Her Pressure on Congress---Suffragist's Card Index

(Continued from Page 1)

busy with the index. We would go through the records to find out just where to bring influence to bear on him. Suppose we saw he was a strong labor man. Labor organizations, we have found, are usually sympathetic with us. We would get after those labor organizations that had the most influence over him to pass resolutions and to appeal to him individually to vote for suffrage.

"Suppose, say, our information was that he was controlled by another who was his financial backer. We would get the financial backer if possible, and then the conversion would be complete. Only the other day we won over the financial backer of a Senator who had been opposed to the amendment. He has become convinced that the future of the Senator depends on his becoming a supporter of suffrage. He has promised to write to the Senator and we expect a change in the Senator's vote the next time the amendment comes up. Twenty-two Senators have changed their position in favor of suffrage since I came to Washington." (Miss Younger took charge of the card index system three years ago.)

Miss Younger was asked whether detectives were employed in getting some of the information for the cards of the index.

"No," she answered, "not one. We are organized all over the country, and thus can reach out into the district in which the member lives and ask our own members to find out what we want. Then here in Washington we get information about one Congressman from another Congressman."

Miss Younger drew three more illustrations from among the Lobby Slips and read them off:

"'Member stated he would not vote for it if every voter in his district asked him. A Congressman like that is difficult to deal with,' was the comment. But sending lobbyists from his district to see him pays; it works in another way. We sent a woman to see a Congressman of this kind. She was from his district. He spoke rude'y to her and made her angry. She came back here and subscribed $100 to our fund, and went home determined to do all she could to defeat him when he ran for re-election.

"'Women in my State don't want it,'" Miss Younger read from the second slip. "A case like that is encouraging," she said. "We see that he begins to get letters and telegrams in large number from his State. One Congressman on whom we started a campaign received so many letters and telegrams that he said: 'If you will only stop I will vote for the amendment. It keeps my office force busy all day answering letters about suffrage alone.'"

"Why do you want to know the number of lodges and clubs the member belongs to?"

"In them we often find the men who have the most influence over the Congressman. There is a definite purpose in every card. To know the hobbies of a member may seem inconsequential, but that often paves the way for a favorable introduction better than anything else, and, for instance, a man who plays golf with a member may find just the right opportunity to talk suffrage. That is why we collect all we can about the Congressman's family life. The entry calling for his ancestry may seem unnecessary at first glance, but that may supply the clue. Some races are more disposed to suffrage than others.

"It is important to know all about the mother, and that explains why a whole card is devoted to her. Mothers continue to have strong influence over their sons. Some married men listen to their mothers more than to their wives. You will hear a man telling his wife how his mother used to do it, and then we know from his frequent reference to his mother that if we can make of her a strong advocate for suffrage we have the best of chances of winning the son, or if it is the wife who has the strong influence and she is an anti, we know that our first work must be to convert the wife to our cause. Why do we devote a card to the brothers? One of them may have the necessary influence.

"We especially want the character of the member—his standing in his community."

"Why do you want to know the habits of the Congressman?"

"For several reasons. For example, some Congressmen get to their offices early; one that I know at 7:30, and this is often the best time during the day to see them. Then if a member is a drinking man we want to know that. One of our lobbyists may go to him and not know what is the matter with him.

"In 1913 the money we allotted for lobbying was $10. Since then we have raised more than $425,000. Our expenses in Washington this year will be $100,000."

CHANGING SENATE VOTES

HOW nine votes have been won in the Senate since the amendment passed the House."—From the records of the National Woman's Party.

SENATOR McCUMBER of North Dakota, who had voted against the amendment in 1914, declared his unwillingness to change his position, but said that if he believed his State desired him to vote for the amendment, he would. Suffragists appealed to the State Legislature to make known its desire. He was then instructed by the State Legislature to vote favorably, and he announced his support.

SENATOR CULBERSON of Texas, an opponent of the amendment, was approached through his State Legislature and constituency. Suffragists made the rounds of the members, and procured the signatures of more than two-thirds to a petition asking Senator Culberson to vote yes. He then agreed to change his position.

SENATOR GERRY of Rhode Island was also in part converted to the justice of voting for the Federal amendment by a resolution from his State Legislature asking for his support of it.

SENATOR KING of Utah was regarded as one of the determined opponents. Nevertheless, the suffragists believed that he would ultimately see the justice of their arguments. They went into his State and campaigned up and down it, persuading the people to express their desires through resolutions and petitions. These, along with letters, poured in upon Senator King by the thousand, until his opposition was overcome.

SENATOR PHELAN of California was the first to announce his conversion after the vote in the House. He stated that the President's declaration for the Federal amendment had convinced him that there was no reason to oppose it on the grounds of policy or principle, and that he would cordially vote for it.

Republican leaders of the country were interviewed by the suffragists and urged to procure votes on their side of the Senate, in order to live up to the good Republican record made in the House vote. SENATORS HARDING, KELLOGG, PAGE, and SUTHERLAND were finally persuaded that it was the part of justice and party wisdom to support the amendment.

An American Woman at the Front

(Continued from Page 2)

burying themselves in the earth but doing no damage. It was interesting. It was like watching a man shooting at a target. Would he hit or would he miss the bullseye next time? An ammunition dump burst into flames. He was getting nearer. A pair of horses attached to a truck went down. Then I saw a negro soldier fall. A piece of the shell had pierced his heart and he lay in a pool of blood.

All at once, there swept over me the overwhelming fear that I might be the next victim. Through my mind passed the thought that after all I was of some value back home; that it was a foolish way to die. Should I make a deliberate attempt to run from danger or should I take the chance of staying? I lacked the nerve to run, so I took the chance of staying, and made some poor joke to the doughboy standing near me. But as soon as possible I ordered my chauffeur to push on! The air raids had fascinated me. Shell fire at the front had cowed me.

If the trappings of war were a revelation, so were the men who made the war machine a living thing. On the stage, war is action. The heroes are always busily going over the top. In reality war is waiting—waiting in the trenches, waiting on duty in out-of-the-way places; waiting in replacement camps; waiting in hospitals.

It was from the 35,000 men who waited to die or to get well in my hospitals that I learned of the stuff of which heroes are made. Before I sailed for France I had read a book which found nothing but ugliness and gore in the soldiers' hospitals. I accepted that book and undertook my hospital work with many misgivings.

I found it was true that war was not a crucible in which the souls of men were purified. Near the hospital a negro was hung by the military authorities for assaulting a seventy-year-old French woman. The chap in Ward A had stolen all the money from under his dying comrade's pillow. The first-class private in the guardhouse had drunk too much and killed the M. P. on duty at the crossroads. Here was the ugliness I had looked for!

But that is not the whole picture of those thousands of men. In the foreground radiated their devotion to one another, their homesickness, their sense of humor saving many a hopeless situation.

"Buddy" they always called one another. Your "guy" was your very best pal.

"Hey there, Sister," would be shouted at me as I went through the ward, "don't forget to give my guy in the corner some cigarettes, too."

A hundred times a day I was struck by their thoughtfulness and gentleness toward one another. Perhaps it was a reaction from the job of being cruel.

"The war can't end too soon for me!" was an oft-repeated phrase. The most popular question seemed to be "when are we going home?" "But you've only been over a few weeks," I would argue.

"Oh, we'll, that's long enough for me," would be the prompt reply.

On a bitterly cold, wet day, late in October, I made my rounds among a thousand sick and wounded men lying in tumbledown stables, with only dirt and cobblestones for floors. On long lines of cots lay this overflow from the crowded hospitals clad in helmets and overcoats. Not a complaint met my ears as I entered, only a chorus of "Say, Red Cross Lady, if we stay here many days longer we'll think we're in our dugouts and begin to dig in!" Only the American Army could have laughed in those stables!

I had expected to find "making the world safe for democracy" a religion. I found that the religion of war expressed by the ordinary soldier consisted in killing the other fellow before he killed you. I had expected to find hatred for the Huns rampant. In its place I found just the desire to finish a job well and get home.

All my preconceived ideas of war had been turned topsyturvy. I had gone overseas as a pacifist, who, nevertheless, faced this war as a fact. With me went all my cut-and-dried pacifist theories, including a certain indifference—even antagonism—toward the men in uniform. To me they typified the organized game of destruction. But I also took an intense longing to do something for suffering France, that country of my ancestors, that mother of democracy.

Once there, the needs of those thousands of American boys loomed before my eyes. They were alone in a strange country which spoke a strange language; they were often preyed upon by greed and vice. So, flinging to the winds my purpose to work only for refugees and my conscientious objections to military relief, I plunged into work for our army.

Day after day my sympathies went out to the soldiers who endured all things. Side by side with this emotion went rage—rage at that military machine which added to the sufferings caused by the enemy. Those I had expected. I knew not whether that machine was in Washington or Chaumont. I only know I watched men die with a longing on their lips to hear from home. No letters for five, six, seven months! At last they came in bundles, but too late. I only know I heard men shamefacedly plead like beggars for a few francs. No pay had come to them for half a year. I only know that men came to me from the front with no socks. Yet the penetrating cold of Northern France was almost unendurable. I only know I watched hundreds of Americans from German prison camps quartered for days in barbed wire stockades clad only in their underclothes, blankets thrown over their shoulders. Yet somewhere in France were plenty of uniforms.

When I finally left France I took with me not only the pacifist's theoretical hatred of war, but a hatred born of an overwhelming sympathy for those who warred. It is true, war adds intensity and vitality to life. It makes us hate, it makes us grieve, it makes us love. We miss that emotional urge as we go back to our everyday tasks. Yes! We must find a substitute for war.

Educational Reforms in Japan

(Continued from Page 10)

pointment and their conduct after appointment. And here the problems and the sources of dissatisfaction with the existing system, in several of the most important respects, resemble our own.

The Government method of appointing the President and professors of the Imperial Universities of Tokio and Kyoto has for a long time been exciting increasing dissatisfaction. Ten years ago, when, after the resignation of Dr. Yamakawa, Dr. Matsui was appointed President by the Department of Education, the Faculty of the institution made a vigorous protest against the appointment. The trouble was settled by the enforced resignation of Dr. Matsui. Since that time the Faculty has been moving to have the selection of President put entirely in his hands; and it now seems likely that the movement will be crowned with success. Among the other reforms advocated is the abolition of the practice of conferring degrees by recommendation of the Government; and, in brief, as the more ardent advocates of reform would express it, the "liberation of the university from the spirit of official nursery."

In this matter, as in others, when the Japanese really "get a doing" in their criticisms and demands, they are not likely to be satisfied with halfway measures. The "degeneration of the Department of Literature and Philosophy in the Imperial Universities" is being pronounced "too well known to the public to need any comment." "Tokio Imperial University is slightly better than Kyoto Imperial University, which is attended largely by Buddhist priests; but both are notorious for their inferior students." But "the Department of Literature and Philosophy of the Imperial University must be the highest seat of learning in the country, and its graduates should be expected to exercise a spiritual and cultural influence over the nation, such as is possessed by the graduates of no other department; but the result is the direct contrary of this." In so lugubrious strain does the complaint run.

Among the other reforms proposed is a restriction of the age limit of the professors and assistant professors. The charge on which the claim for reform is based is the same as that which has been so widely propagated among ourselves. It is truer in Japan, however, than in the United States. "The universities are full of old professors, who are occupying places which should be filled by younger, smarter, and better equipped and more efficient men. They repeat the same lectures year after year in the same mechanical way. In some cases they have gone on for ten years at a stretch, saying the same things over and over again." "They know"—this is certainly a remarkable compliment, for there is no kind of knowledge in which the young are likely to be so lamentably deficient as in self-knowledge—"they know that they are incapable of keeping abreast with the rapid advance of knowledge; but they are compelled to stay for financial reasons." The age to be fixed for this euthanasia is the callow age of sixty—from five to ten years earlier than the age limit fixed by our corresponding movement. But, then, the Japanese mature earlier than do we, in spite of the fact that it has been and still is the "Elder Statesmen," all men well over sixty, who have been Japan's chief guides in bringing the nation through all its troubled waters since the date of the revolution. However, we are reminded that in the Old Japan it was quite the approved thing for the head of the family at the age of forty-five to resign his headship, including the payment of his debts, into the hands of his oldest son.

The matters which it is alleged need reform in the primary and middle schools are yet more serious as affecting the moral foundations of the national life. The majority of the somewhat more than 150,000 teachers in these schools are declared to be discontented with their occupation. This they may well be, so far as their pay is concerned. But far worse than this is the charge of corruption in the form of extorting bribes from the parents of the children of rich families. "If the child of a rich family is weak in any subject—for example, arithmetic—the weakness is reported to the parents in an exaggerated way. When the parents are sufficiently alarmed and call the teacher in for consultation, the teacher suggests that special lessons are necessary for the child, and takes care to recommend himself for the task." In this connection we do well to remember how the same scandal was discussed several years ago as applicable to the younger assistants and tutors in our own universities, and that the accused made a brave attempt to defend the practice.

If there is any wide-spreading "corruption" of this sort, or of any sort, among the teachers of the public schools of Japan, things must have changed for the worst since my last visit there in 1906-1907. I fear that they have changed for the worse. But at that time the entire body of public school teachers was, for far the most part, an exceedingly devoted, eagerly inquiring, and rigidly self-denying, patriotic body of men. They were pitifully underpaid; but none the less faithful and incorruptible. And if the respect for the teaching profession has declined in the eyes of the vulgar nouveaux riches, (it had even at that period declined as compared with that prevailing at the time of my first visit in 1892,) so much the worse for the rich and for the nation which is falling far too rapidly under their control.

If the discipline to which the teacher is subjected from above is not uniformly agreeable or reasonable, still less so is that which sometimes comes to him from below. Organized strikes among the students against a teacher who does not command the intellectual respect of his pupils are by no means infrequent in Japan. On the one hand, the foreign teacher, and perhaps especially the missionary teacher, may be listened to for years with every show of politeness, and have no correct conception as to what his pupils think of him or of his words. On the other hand, the teacher, native or foreign, may be met on almost any morning with an open revolt against him personally and against his instructions. Then, if he does not back down more or less promptly or gracefully, the interposition of the Government authorities may be called for. In this event, the case is apt to go against the obnoxious teacher. In comparatively rare cases the pupils take the punishment of the professor who crosses their will into their own hands. It is only a few months since the following item of news appeared in the daily press of Tokio: "Six graduates of the course of law and economics of —— University called on Dr. ——, professor of the university, at his residence late on Tuesday evening, and demanded that the professor consent to their request to give graduates of that course the same academic title as is given to the graduates of the university courses. Their request being rejected, the graduates suddenly seized the professor and gave him a beating."

But for this kind of thing the young modern Chinese student can "give points" to the Japanese; and, indeed to all the rest of the world, for, in self-conceit, cantankerousness and disposition to serve in politics as the tools of designing politicians, he is distinctly supreme. The mention of this fact is not out of place in this connection. During recent years, the thousands of Chinese students studying in Japan have given infinite trouble to the police and to the university and Government authorities. While the recent treaty was pending between China and Japan, hundreds of them, in spite of the utmost attempts of both Governments to explain and pacify them, rushed off home, publishing by word of mouth and printed page such absurd stuff as the following: "Alas! our national fate is sealed. By the Sino-Japanese Treaty China has been reduced to another Korea, and her 400,000,000 citizens are enslaved. * * * Return home to kill the traitors."

There are at present about 5,000 Chinese students in Tokio; in addition, there are about as many hundreds scattered through the eight high schools, or "colleges," of Japan.

Of the three most important matters calling for reform in the Japanese system of education the most obvious, most popular, and most emphatically demanded are those which concern the economic prosperity and foreign influence of the country. They are what—to use a term so much in vogue in this country—are called "practical" in the narrow meaning of the word. The Japanese see as well as we do, and perhaps even better, that at the close of the war there will be unexampled demands for improved methods of agriculture and manufacture and unexampled opportunities for the expansion of foreign commerce. Although the nation has on the whole grown much richer during the past four years, it is still poor as compared with the United States, Great Britain, and France. But it has certain grounds for the hope that it can prepare to compete successfully with these richer nations if the whole body of the people can be educated to grasp its opportunities and correct its disadvantages while not losing through too large an increase in the cost of living and the rise of wages some of its more important advantages.

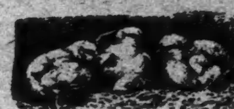
It is proposed, then, to devote much less time, even in the higher education, to the Chinese classics which, in the Japanese system, correspond pretty well to the Greek and Latin classics with us; and so to release more time for the experimental study of the applied sciences. Various plans are also afoot for reducing the enormous amount of time which the child has to employ in learning to read and write the great number of separate characters which in modified form have been taken over from the Chinese.

To further this plan for reforms in the "practical" education of the people, not a few wealthy and public-spirited Japanese are ready to contribute largely of their means. Thus, that is taking place which I assured Marquis Ito must take place, if Japan was ever to struggle successfully with the problem of education—namely, the encouragement of foreign and native wealth to large gifts in its behalf; for in 1899 the Government had adopted a narrow and repressive policy toward all schools not of its own founding and under its strictest control. For example, a well-known colliery owner has recently marked his retirement from business life by adding 800,000 yen to the foundation of an industrial school at Tobata, thus raising the school's endowment to four million yen. A "woman Narakin," a term applied to those who are popularly regarded as "profiteers," has started among her class a "back-to-the-soil movement." The Government is not only encouraging public education in such fundamental industries as depend on large supplies of iron and coal, the growing of cotton and tobacco, and the introduction of sheep raising, but also the founding of pharmaceutical schools and the cultivation of hundreds of varieties of medicinal plants. In this way they would capture the trade in drugs of Germany, China, India, Persia, and the Near East. The nearer avowed aim of this is, however, to fit the great body of Japanese men, and women, too, for self-support under the more exacting conditions of modern life, and for contributing a due quotum to the economic growth of the nation.

To inaugurate and carry to success this class of reforms will demand—it is not unjustly urged—important reforms in the Government itself. Not only must it tax much more heavily the unwilling rich, in order to provide funds for a more rapidly increasing number of schools and the needed increases in the pay of the teachers, but it must remove its unjust discrimination against private institutions and its habitual unfair treatment of the graduates of these institutions as candidates for official careers.

There is little doubt that the Japanese system of education has hitherto been, and still is, too bureaucratic, too much copied after German methods, and too much estimated by German standards. It is to be devoutly wished that in its plans for reform it should not suddenly fall over into the so-called "democratic" looseness from some of the evils of which we are trying to escape. In public common school education especially, it is desirable, whether in republics or in empires, that the true aristocracy should have the main part of the control.

But this aristocracy is not of necessity to be found among bureaucratic appointees, or among the appointees of a politically controlled school board. We are hoping, therefore, that our Japanese friends, who are acting as Government Commissioners investigating our educational system, may find something good to copy from us, in order perhaps to produce something better that we may in return copy from them.



CHICKS CHICKS CHICKS

800,000 baby chicks from good quality mating, every month from our mammoth hatcheries; shipped by parcel post. Commencing March 1st, safe arrival guaranteed. Order early for next Winter's layers.

	25	50	100
S. C. White Leghorns	$6.00	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. C. Brown Leghorns	[illegible]	11.00	21.00
S. C. Buff Leghorns	6.50	12.00	22.00
Barred Plymouth Rocks	7.00	13.00	25.00
White Plymouth Rocks	7.00	13.00	25.00
Buff Plymouth Rocks	7.50	14.00	27.00
White Wyandottes	7.50	14.00	27.00
Silver Wyandottes	8.00	15.00	29.00
S. C. Anconas	7.00	13.00	25.00
S. C. Black Minorcas	7.50	14.00	27.00
S. C. R. I. Reds	7.00	13.00	25.00
Rose Comb R. I. Reds	7.50	14.00	27.00
S. C. White Orpingtons	8.00	15.00	29.00
S. C. Buff Orpingtons	8.00	15.00	29.00
S. C. Black Langshans	9.00	17.00	33.00
Light Brahmas	10.00	19.00	37.00

Address orders with remittance to
RAVENSWOOD POULTRY FARM
Box 178, Long Island City, New York

SAFEGUARD YOUR HOME
Against Disease and Vermin
FUMIGATE!!!

It can be done without odor or injury to fabrics and furnishings.

Disease Germs and Vermin breed in the Spring. The time to completely destroy them is NOW—before the eggs have had time to develop.

Our method is scientific—a chemical vapor process that penetrates into every crevice and unseen place where vermin propagate; it is non-odorous and absolutely harmless to even the most delicate fabrics and furnishings.

The work is done in from two to four hours, with absolutely no inconvenience to you. Nothing need be removed from the premises; you need not alter in any way your daily routine.

The cost is nominal; it is based on the amount of work. WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE COMPLETE EXTERMINATION. We are equipped to fumigate at a moment's notice homes, estates, factories, restaurants, hotels, lofts, libraries, steamships, hospitals, private or public institutions, government buildings, cantonments.

GUARANTEE EXTERMINATING COMPANY,
Offices: 500 5th Ave., Cor. 42d St., N. Y. City
'Phone Vanderbilt—2716-2717-2718-4128.

DEAF PERSONS after trying electric and other devices find that the OTOPHONE is one of the best aids to hearing. No cumbersome wires, no battery. A small, compact instrument held against the ear, not inserted. Reproduces natural voice tones very effectively; no buzzing.

Send for illustrated Booklet No. 25, gives full particulars of our Free Trial Offer.

We also carry a complete line of approved electrical and non-electrical instruments.

E. B. Meyrowitz
OPTICIAN
Mfrs. Surgical Instruments and Electrical Appliances. 520 Fifth Av., New York

Henderson Seeds
Are Tested Seeds
PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35-37 Cortlandt St., New York

ADVERTISEMENT. | ADVERTISEMENT. | ADVERTISEMENT. | ADVERTISEMENT.

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything*?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning $40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet "Silent Simms" is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.* I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

LEARN HOW TO

I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst talker*.

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting $40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could interest people, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms,' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the idea of being a convincing talker—one thing I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the principles that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I believed that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three-minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records then the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me largely as a result of my having learned **how to talk.** I imagine there are thousands of others in the same boat in which I found myself and who might become big money-makers if they only learned the principles of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr Law's Course, and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that part of Simms' success was due to real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident is The Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. L-173, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course of Business Talking and Public Speaking, in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Times 3-2-19.